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AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE

THE decision of the United Nations Assembly that Jerusalem should be made an international city outside the sovereignty of Israel and Jordan can be interpreted in various ways. Is it a victory for the smaller nations, supported by the Soviet Union, against Britain and America? Is it merely a triumph of irresponsibility, since the decision flouts the expressed wishes of every Jew and Arab in Palestine, and no measures have been prepared to enforce it on them? Or does it, perhaps, mark the first important incursion of the Vatican into the politics of Lake Success? This last is certainly the most convincing explanation of an extraordinary vote, in which Britain and America were only supported by Canada, Costa Rica, Denmark, Guatemala, Iceland, Israel, Siam, South Africa, Turkey and Yugoslavia.

It was well-known that the Soviet bloc would stand pat on the partition resolution of November 29th, 1948, which included the proposal to internationalise Jerusalem. As owner, through the Russian Orthodox Church, of considerable real estate in the city, the Soviet Government has an interest in participating in an international regime; and its long-term policy in Palestine, now that it is clear that Israeli Socialism is staunchly anti-Communist, will be to create the maximum trouble. So what better than to support a proposal for internationalisation which can only cause confusion?

The attitude of the Moslem bloc—with the exception of Turkey—is equally understandable. It is determined to prevent the Jews from acquiring permanently the New City, and the fact that King Abdullah—in their eyes a British agent—is ready for a compromise, only stiffened its determination to vote for internationalisation. But why did most of Latin America, Australia, France and Belgium vote with the Russian bloc in defiance of the U.S.A. and Britain? The only sufficient explanation is the Vatican view that no true Catholic could permit that sovereignty in Jerusalem should be shared by Jews. So, for once, the Vicar of Christ and the Vicar of anti-Christ found themselves on the same side.

It is unlikely that either Mr. Ben Gurion or King Abdullah is unduly alarmed by events at Lake Success. The Jews know to their cost that a Uno decision means nothing if there are no troops to enforce it. Just a year ago, the Assembly voted for partition, but the Haganah had to defend it against six Arab armies. The Arabs of Palestine also ruefully recall how the Jews exploited the Uno truce—first, to rearm and then to conduct a series of brilliantly timed campaigns. None of them have much respect for Uno resolutions. The division of the city will, therefore, remain, whatever plan the Trusteeship Commission may work out. As though to demonstrate that they can manage their own affairs very nicely, the Israeli Army and the Arab Legion this week eliminated the No Man's Land which has separated their troops for many months.

Since Uno, under the inspiration of the Vatican, has thus demonstrated its ineffectiveness by ordering a solution repudiated by both sides in the dispute, the task of clearing up the mess may be left to the traditional method of power politics. There is now no doubt that a peace treaty, and possibly even a treaty of alliance, could be negotiated between the Israelis and Jordan, on the basis of existing frontiers, with minor modifications in Jerusalem itself. Such a treaty would provide to Britain and America, in the event of Russian aggression, the only two armies in the Middle East which are worth anything at all. But can we afford to settle the Palestine problem at the cost of alienating the rest of the Arab States, which are almost as suspicious of Abdullah as they are hostile to Israel? Can we persuade Egypt, for instance, to swallow her pride and surrender the Gaza strip which she "conquered" last year? This would be a sensible solution, since it would create a natural frontier between Israel and Egypt and also compel Israel to accept responsibility for the 120,000 Arab refugees huddled into the tiny area. Are we ready for it? And are we ready to back, with money and technical assistance, the recommendations of Mr. Clapp, T.V.A. administrator who heads the Uno Committee on Arab refugees, in his pressure for really bold measures of irrigation and resettlement?

The answer is that we could do all these things if either Britain or America had a policy. At present we have not. Though our relations with Israel have improved enormously, Mr. Bevin has not yet found it possible to recast his anti-Zionism in the light of the new Middle Eastern balance of power. As for the State Department, it is still the prey of the various pressure groups with an interest in the Middle East, and in recent months has succeeded in making the Jew as suspicious of its disingenuousness as the Arabs always were. So the situation stagnates and, in the long run, only Russian policy can benefit from that.

End of the Chinese War

British recognition of the People's Republic of China is now expected before the meeting of Commonwealth Ministers in Colombo. The delay of three months in which the foreign devils have behaved like foreign ostriches is a foolish, unhappy beginning to our relations with a regime which to-day certainly has the support of the great mass of Chinese people. Pandit Nehru's latest utterance makes it clear that he desires to accord full recognition to the new Chinese Government, and statements by the Prime Minis-

ter of Indonesia and the Foreign Minister of Burma show that Asian opinion is only waiting for Nehru to take action, even if it is ahead of British recognition. Meanwhile, Chiang Kai-shek's dwindling team of Generals evacuate one city after another, generally leaving their men behind to work for a better, and a more successful cause. General Pai Chung-hsi's men are being evacuated to Hainan Island; Yunnan Province, under Governor Lu Han, has been turned over to the Communists without any resistance; Communist armies will now reach the borders of Indo-China, Burma and India without having to fight. The futile Nationalist struggle on the mainland is virtually over. Sikang is unlikely to be more than a temporary hideout for the few remaining Nationalist troops. Chiang Kai-shek, back again in Formosa, could now scarcely muster a shadow Cabinet. Li Tsung-jen is now in America, ostensibly for health reasons. No doubt he will make a last-moment appeal to the State Department, which, if it is wise, will treat him as the private citizen he now in fact has become.

Progress in Indonesia

The long line of Dutch Governors, dating from 1609, has come to an end with the resignation of Mr. A. H. J. Lovink, the High Representative of the Crown in Indonesia. A new, unpredictable era begins with the transfer of sovereignty at the end of this year. Problems of procedure, of military security, and of the transfer of authority, are now being discussed in a friendly atmosphere in Batavia by the National Preparatory Committee, with the good offices of the United Nations Commission. The Agreement signed at the Hague has now been ratified by the East Indonesian Parliament and the Central Java Council; and last week's debate in the States-General at the Hague will undoubtedly influence other ratifications, showing, as it does, that the Dutch really mean to give up their Empire. All the 100 members of the Second Chamber took part in the voting, which showed approval of the Round Table Agreement by 71 votes to 29—that is, four more votes than were required for the two-thirds majority. The Anti-Revolutionaries, three members of two small parties and the 13 Communists were together in the "No" lobby. Some time next week, the First Chamber will discuss the Agreement and, assuming its support, the transfer will be made before the end of December. The Government of the United States of Indonesia will meet with some opposition; it is too soon yet to estimate its size or significance. There are the Tan Malakka Communists, who are still carrying on guerilla activities in East Java, and in West Java the extremist Dar ul-Islam movement has given certain trouble. But the majority of the people are likely to agree with Dr. Hatta that "historically and internationally, what we have achieved is the best that could be achieved at this time."

Shilling Prescriptions

When the Amendment to the National Health Service Act, giving the Minister power to make regulations imposing a charge of not more than one shilling for prescribed medicines, came before the House of Commons, it met with heavy fire. Apart from the general issue whether there should be any exception to the principle of free treatment—and this clearly includes pharmaceutical service—a number of questions (unanswered by Mr. Bevan) were raised which throw considerable doubt on the practicability of the proposal. The Prime Minister had already announced that old age pensioners—to whom war pensioners must clearly be added—would be relieved of the charge. But what about the equally hard cases of the unemployed and those on sickness benefit? What about diabetics or sufferers from other chronic diseases requiring continuous treatment? The Minister admitted that he was troubled by the problem of necessary exemptions, and that the contemplated saving of £10 million a year might be much reduced in consequence. But the difficulties do not end here. Are chemists to have imposed on them the onerous job of obtaining proof from their customers that they are entitled to exemption? Is the charge to be graded, in which case there will be still further book-work for the unhappy chemist, or is it to be a flat-rate shilling, in which case the patient may be paying more than the value of the drug prescribed? Again, is the charge to be levied for each single prescription, even in cases in which proper treatment may involve the prescribing of two or three different medicines? And finally, what safeguards will be provided against the possibility of sympathetic doctors prescribing for their patients on a single prescription enough medicine to last for weeks—a procedure capable of involving great waste. Mr. Bevan stated that, since the idea of making a charge was mooted, there had been considerably less extravagance in the prescription of medicines. One hopes this does not mean that there has been greater recourse to patent medicines—a danger inherent in the scheme now proposed. If, however, there has already been a saving effected in the cost of pharmaceutical service, the administrative difficulties mentioned in the House are sufficient, in our view, to justify the dropping of the plan.

Trade and Regionalism

The conversations in Paris between French, Italian and Benelux officials ended last weekend, it appears, with a decision to find a less ill-conditioned name than "Fritalux" for the proposed regional grouping of the five countries for economic purposes. The experts' report, which will not be published until it has been considered by the Governments concerned, is understood to recommend the closer association between the five countries for which America has been pressing; but little progress has been made in constructing a basis for this extension of the Benelux idea except—somewhat dubiously—in the financial field. The main proposal is reported to be the establishment of a common monetary reserve fund fed by pooling the five countries' "drawing rights" under the inter-European payments provisions of the Marshall Plan, and by using the E.C.A. reserve of $150 million set aside for such purposes. With the aid of this form of clearing bank, it is apparently suggested, the five currencies within the union should be convertible at rates of exchange varying according to changes in the members' balances of payments, one with another. What steps would be taken to prevent a flight of French capital into dollars by making use of the practical convertibility of Belgian into Swiss francs, is not clear. In any case, it is not easy to see what contribution this scheme could make towards narrowing the global dollar gap of the five constituent parties. The Dutch and Belgians do not appear to have succeeded in persuading either the French or the Italians to make any reductions in their tariffs, or to agree to the inclusion of Western Germany in the grouping. In order to impress Mr. Hoffman and the U.S. Congress that "integration" is afoot, the draft plan will no doubt be found to pay the usual tribute of lip-service to the conceptions of co-ordinated investment and the removal of quota restrictions on international trade; but the inherent difficulty in the sort of regional grouping proposed is that its achievement involves planning, the very sort of *dirigisme* against which most of the Governments concerned have set their face at America's bidding.

Dollar Markets

November's export figures, though a record in terms of sterling value, are none too good when the lower value of sterling is taken into account. They were only just ahead of the March total—the previous record—and imports were just lower than the June figure. The visible deficit was a little less than for the two previous months. Dollar exports to both the United States and Canada were substantially above those of recent months, but were still below the dollar values of 1948. In the case of the United States, there was an improvement in dollar value since devaluation; but exports to Canada lagged behind, and serious complaints are heard from Canadian sources at the reduction in British purchases of Canadian goods. Such reductions are, however, quite unavoidable unless the Canadians will greatly increase their purchases in Great Britain. At a press interview Mr. Wilson, back from his commercial travels in both Canada and the United States, spoke optimistically of the openings for British goods in the West and South of the U.S.A., as well as in the East, and scolded British firms for their continued failure to "go-get" American orders. Sir Stafford Cripps, who attended the same interview, stressed the necessity to cut dollar and other hard currency imports (including Belgian goods), and the importance of dollar-earning opportunities in Latin America. Production, he said, was failing to keep pace with an expanding demand at home as well as with the need for more exports. Since devaluation, price was no longer the obstacle; and Mr. Wilson added tales of British firms turning dollar orders away because they were full up with other orders for home or soft-currency purchasers. Despite the sales talk about dollar openings, it was not a very reassuring interview; and the trade returns announced a few days later confirmed the impression that British recovery has still an uncomfortably long way to go.

Britain's Food

The latest White Paper (Cmd. 7842) issued by the Ministry of Food is interesting chiefly for the changes which are shown to have occurred in the average national diet between 1946-47 and 1948-49. Britain became distinctly less carnivorous: the annual consumption per head of pig and butcher meat fell from 90 to 70 lb., as compared with nearly 110 lb. per head before the war. In terms of energy value, however, this fall was more than offset by increased consumption of fats and sugar, and the calorie level of the national diet rose, by 3 per cent., to 2,980 calories daily, against a pre-war figure of 3,000. In considering these statistics, two points have to be borne in mind. First, the pre-war average was depressed by the shockingly inadequate diet of the unemployed: there has been a good deal of levelling down as well as levelling up. Secondly, a diet which is measurably adequate in terms of calories (minimum "needs," thus measured, are put at only 2,560 daily) may be so monotonous that a nation—and particularly one which is notorious for lack of ingenuity in cooking—may fare badly on it. Thanks in large part to the notable increase in the consumption of milk and fish, the Briton is "getting by"; but, except for the small minority who can afford to buy poultry, game and extensive supplies of imported luxuries, can it be said that eating in this country is much fun? Statisticians

are apt to forget that there is a psychological factor involved.

From Job to Job

A sample inquiry carried out in 187 different firms by the British Institute of Management indicates a disquietingly high degree of industrial wastage in the frequency with which men and women drift from job to job notwithstanding the Control of Engagement Order. Out of 215,500 men and boys employed by the firms concerned, it was found that 15 per cent. were leaving jobs after less than a month, 17 per cent. after one to three months' work, and a further 23 per cent. before they had completed a year. For women and girls the figures were not very dissimilar. In some cases, the reasons for leaving jobs were obvious—discharge or dismissal (14 per cent.), illness or accident (5 per cent. in the case of men, 11 per cent. in the case of women), removal from district or domestic responsibilities (8 per cent. among men, 23 per cent. among women). But no less than 35 per cent. of the men and 25 per cent. of the women who left their jobs did so because they did not like them, were dissatisfied with the pay, or thought they could do better for themselves elsewhere. This constant migration of labour from job to job is not a flattering tribute to current industrial relations.

Wage Cross-currents

The Transport and General Workers' Union has now joined the list of Trade Unions which have endorsed the General Council's appeal for a wages truce, except where incomes can be definitely linked to higher output. On the other side, the Scottish District of the National Union of Mineworkers has come out strongly against the T.U.C. policy, and is demanding that the N.U.M. shall press its claim on behalf of the low-paid workers in the pits. These decisions are no matter for surprise, with Mr. Deakin at the head of the T. and G.W. and Mr. Moffat and other leading Communists well entrenched in the Scottish District of the Mineworkers. The Scottish Miners have, of course, no power to bind the N.U.M.: all they can do is to bring their views before the larger body of which they are only a section, and it is unlikely that the N.U.M. as a whole will agree with their view—though it may not go all the way with Mr. Deakin either. Meanwhile, the problem of the Unions with sliding-scale agreements is still unsolved; the Builders, who are in the most difficult position because they are due for a sliding-scale advance in the New Year, have still to make up their minds. The Government's case against advances to the lower-paid groups has been supported this week by the Assistance Board's refusal to increase supplementary pensions, on the ground that the change in living costs during the past eighteen months does not warrant an advance. (The index has risen 8 points since January, 1948, and 4 points since the middle of that year.) Obviously, if the Assistance Board had given an advance, the effect would have been to strengthen Trade Union claims for the lowest-paid workers. As things are, we must wait and see what happens as the effects of devaluation are more fully felt.

The Hiss Case

The second trial of Alger Hiss has so far done no more than the first to prove whether Whittaker Chambers has once more perjured himself when he accuses Hiss of working with him in a Soviet spy ring, or whether Hiss perjured himself in denying the accusation. For weeks, both the prosecution and the defence have been going over the same ground as they did early this summer. Mr. Murphy, for the Government, has been able to introduce some fresh evidence, which has undoubtedly tightened the web woven around Mr. Hiss; but none of it seems conclusive. Some details have been filled in a little more. The Communist organiser who came by the Hiss car has been produced in court, but there has been no proof that Alger Hiss arranged for him to have the car. There has been evidence about bank withdrawals, the movement of documents inside the State Department, and the typing habits of Mrs. Hiss. But the prosecution has been unable to bring forward any finally convincing evidence, though the present jury may be easier to satisfy than the last, whose inability to agree led to a mistrial. Mr. Cross, the lawyer retained by Alger Hiss in place of the flamboyant Mr. Stryker, has followed similar tactics, though he pitches them in a lower key. He has concentrated upon the succession of perjuries to which Chambers admits, and upon the moral turpitude and treachery to which Chambers, a repentant, also confesses. Whether such repentance enhances Chambers' credibility is for the jury to decide. Certainly, his public character compares poorly with that of the brilliant Alger Hiss, vouched for by impeccable character witnesses, the latest of whom is Dr. Jessup, the U.S. ambassador-at-large to Uno. Mr. Cross has also been trying to make Chambers admit that the documents alleged to have been filched from the State Department by Alger Hiss were in fact supplied by Julian Wadleigh, another penitant member of the "ring" for which Chambers claims to have acted as courier. If the defence could establish this point, it would score. But once more, as in the first trial, the decision seems likely to hinge on the jury's views about the Woodstock typewriter, once owned by the Hiss family, on which some of the documents were apparently typed. If Alger Hiss is innocent, who typed the documents? Were they typed after the machine had been sold? The defence has never been able to shake off these questions. The speculations about this case are endless. No wonder; for, if Mr. Hiss is innocent, he is the victim either of terrible coincidences or of a hideous conspiracy.

The Policeman's House

Part II of the Oaksey Report on "Police Conditions of Service" shows that the Committee, who have been rather unfairly accused of slowness, have in fact completed in 16 months an inquiry so thorough that two years need not have seemed unreasonable. Their opinion that the police housing problem has not been tackled seriously involves—so far as London is concerned—a sharp criticism of the Home Secretary (who appointed them), because as Police Authority for the Metropolitan area he shares the responsibility with the Commissioner. This is perhaps a little hard, since Mr. Ede would presumably have to overbear colleagues in the Government to grab housing priority for his policemen. Moreover, the Committee's reference to 7,000 policemen who have "no homes of their own" is puzzling, since these turn out to be men living in furnished and unfurnished rooms. An enormous urban population (including policemen) has always done this, without regarding itself as having "no home of its own." A policeman's hours of duty may make him an awkward tenant of half a house, but the same is true of many transport workers, printers, postmen and others. If the policeman's job could carry with it the certainty of a house, recruiting would undoubtedly be easier. But the varying of lonely and monotonous duties, the lowering of the height standard, and the speeding up of promotion might help even more. As to the latter, the Committee too readily conclude that there are "no grounds for the assertion that prospects are poor." An ironical consequence of their own pay recommendations last Easter has been that senior officers are serving on for three more years to achieve new maxima; promotion in some forces is at a standstill.

PARLIAMENT: Public Morals

Wednesday

THE punctilio of "honour" that made Pushkin spit himself on d'Anthès' sword and Gladstone renounce Parnell has changed with time. Nor is our age, which forbids the duel and suffers divorce among its public men, inferior in its morality to the nineteenth century. Right does not always correspond with swordsmanship, and matrimonial felicity is an agreeable background to political merit, rather than its inevitable condition. At their best, the standards of the later Victorians, a reaction against earlier malpractices, were noble; at their worst, they were base enough to tolerate a wide range of improprieties, as long as they were clandestine or at least conventional.

To deceive a nation in order to win an election, and casually to acknowledge the trick, did not arouse, even in Mr. Baldwin's day, a puff of protest from the Tories. When Lord Pakenham dissented from the findings of the Air Crash Enquiry, and exculpated those who had been left under a shadow of guilt, the Tories, first through their Peers, the tightest guardians, as they regard themselves, of public morality, and then through their press—second tightest guardian—called on him to resign. When Pakenham refused to be "sat on," so to speak, by the Peers, they seemed surprised. The press was more than surprised. It was astonished that since the great days of the past, Ministerial honour had so declined that to-day a Labour Minister—no, Labour Ministers—tainted in the General esteem should still cling . . . and so on.

But the Tories, looking for a Minister to measure against their ideal standards, could not have made a more unwise choice than that of Pakenham. His efficiency as a Minister is unquestioned, his pursuit of absolute goodness—a matter of private conscience—is reflected in his works. When, therefore, he had apologised to the Lords for his error in dissenting publicly from the Air Crash Report before announcing his disagreement to Parliament, he was able with confidence to hear the Attorney-General in the Commons defend and vindicate both his judgment and his character.

With the serene expression of an early martyr, Pakenham in the Peers' Gallery first had to endure Maxwell Fyfe's suggestion that the Minister's alleged high-handedness was a product of Socialist centralisation. This electioneering jibe shocked many Labour Members, not merely because it was unfitting in a debate whose theme was human disaster, but because it was unexpected from Maxwell Fyfe, who is normally considered a just Tory. The Attorney-General in reply held the attention of the House for over an hour, as he led it from the question of the Minister's conduct, before and after his apology, back to the obscure few minutes of cloud and uncertainty when the crash occurred. For the future, he asked the Tories to co-operate; they preferred to condemn, and forced a division.

Before the Civil Aviation Debate, a coalition of moralists sprang up on the subject of the Government and "A Streetcar Named Desire." Glenvil Hall, the Financial Secretary, shared with some of his attackers the advantage of not having seen the play. He was thus able to defend it with as much enthusiasm as they assailed it. There are subjects at Question Time which invite only the attention of Socialists. But from the upsurge of Members, many of them purple with virtue, to state their views on the "Streetcar," it was clear that here was a matter in which expertness was widely diffused. On the whole, the Government seemed defensive. Not, indeed, since the issue of contraceptives in slot machines was raised and disposed of, has there been such a concert of backbench bipartisan indignation.

MAURICE EDELMAN

CANBERRA AND BRADFORD

NOT unnaturally, the anti-Socialist victories in Australia and New Zealand have been heralded in the Opposition press as the beginnings of "The Great Unwinding" which will soon free this country from its network of frustrating controls. Labour Party commentators, equally naturally, argue that the result of the South Bradford by-election is much more significant of the trend in this country. As usual, there is something to be said for both sides. South Bradford certainly showed that devaluation had not shocked the Labour voter as much as Lord Woolton had hoped. But no one can call this solid working-class area a marginal constituency; it is not in prosperous Yorkshire but in Lancashire and the London suburbs that Labour has most to fear. Though Transport House has every right to congratulate itself on the result at Bradford, Mr. Morgan Philips will not draw any general conclusions from it except that, with good organisation, Labour can still poll its 1945 strength.

As for Lord Beaverbrook's "Great Unwinding," it is, of course, absurd to suggest that the Australian and New Zealand elections are part of a world reaction against the Welfare State. As a matter of fact, two sharply opposing tendencies have been at work in the Western democracies since the war. In Europe, excluding Scandinavia, there has been a steady swing to the Right, which began as long ago as 1946, when it was clear that, with Mr. Bevin as Foreign Secretary, Labour Britain was not prepared to give a lead to Continental Socialists. Free enterprise—including the grossest forms of social inequality—has successfully been reinstated in Belgium, France and Italy. The inevitable result has been the squeezing out of the parties of the Left-Centre and of the ideas of democratic planning, and the surrender to the Communists of the leadership against reaction. Western Germany has also swung far to the Right; but here the Social Democrats, forced fortunately into opposition last summer, have retained control of the Trade Union Movement and provide an alternative government to that of Dr. Adenauer.

It will scarcely be argued—even by the *Daily Mail*—that the policies of Signor De Gasperi or M. Petsche or even of Dr. Malan are models for the British Conservative Party; or that the victories of Mr. Holland and Mr. Menzies mean an acceptance by Australia and New Zealand of the standards of social welfare obtaining in France or S. Africa. The pendulum has swung in the Antipodes, but not as far as that.

Moreover, the swing to the Right is by no means universal. In Norway, the Labour Government has been returned to power with a substantially increased majority; and Scandinavia as a whole, including Finland, is staunchly Social-Democratic. Moreover, the United States shows the reverse trend to that in Australia and New Zealand. After a temporary reverse in 1946, the New Deal, transformed into a more radical Fair Deal, continues to defy all Republican assaults, as the recent elections in New York State emphatically show. In brief, both the Conservatives and the Labour Party can take courage from the trends in other democratic countries. The struggle between the concepts of planned welfare economy and old-fashioned free enterprise is still very evenly balanced; and the result of our own general election may well tip the scales.

In Australia and New Zealand the complacent assumption that a Labour Government cannot be overturned in a period of full employment has been shown to have no foundation. "Safety first," as Stanley Baldwin discovered in 1929, is a poor election slogan for a Tory; it is even worse for a Socialist. Mr. Fraser and Mr. Chifley were at a disadvantage, against rejuvenated Conservative parties, because there was no positive content to their Socialism. In New Zealand, Labour was defeated, not by a greatly increased Tory vote, but by Socialist abstention. In Australia, what the Tory press describes as "a landslide" was, in fact, a switch of under 3 per cent. in the total poll. That this led to so large a Conservative majority was due to the redistribution of seats carried through by the Labour Government.

One of the vagaries of our single-seat system is that enormous shifts of Parliamentary strength can be caused by tiny changes in the total poll of each party. When the floating vote is as large as it is in this country, this means that a general election must always be unpredictable. The number of electors who, when accosted by the Gallup pollster, tell him that they *would* vote Labour or Conservative *if* there were an election, may bear little relation to the number who actually vote each way when the day comes.

The Labour Party's extraordinary by-election record provides evidence that the Government can hope to gain votes during the actual campaign. South Bradford was only the most recent of many occasions on which Labour seemed to have lost the election when the campaign began and was still losing after ten days. Then, a week before polling day, the tide sluggishly turned and thereafter moved against the Tories. It looks as though many working-class voters, disgruntled by some particular aspect of austerity, take at least a fortnight to see that a protest vote against the Labour Government is also a vote for the return of the Tories. At this point bitter memories of the inter-war period flood back into their minds, and they vote Labour after all.

This at least is the process of thought which the Labour Party must seek to produce during the election campaign. But in considering the psychology of the floating vote, Mr. Attlee must not forget his own rank and file. It is their work which has to produce the change from disgruntled apathy to positive support. If the Labour Party is to go into the campaign with real enthusiasm, it must be sustained, not merely by memories of Tory rule, but by faith in a Socialist programme. It was because they lacked such a programme that Mr. Fraser and Mr. Chifley went down.

ITALY WITHOUT ILLUSION

ROMANCE apart, it seems to me, the South of Italy can arouse only feelings of shame and revulsion. Even a few days of travel are enough to persuade one that there is more misgovernment here than anywhere else in Europe. There is certainly more human unpleasantness. You are not far off the main line south of Naples before you understand that you have passed into a country where there are two sorts of human beings, the top-dog and the under-dog, *i furbi e i fessi* in the rather less delicate Italian phrase, and that the under-dog outnumbers the top-dog by a thousand or ten thousand to one. You see this in everything, in the faces of the people, their habits, their clothing, in the legions of policemen. The trains have always one second-class coach which contains the *borghesi*, huddled together, conscious of their superiority but themselves second-class like the rest of their kind in Southern Italy. In the other coaches, in all the other coaches, there travel the peasants, on the seats, under the seats, on the floor, on top of one another, in times of stress upon the roof, bursting from every door and window with their bags and sundry baskets, sacks and chicken, while putting forth a broad unceasing roar of argument and abuse—a menagerie which might as well travel by cattle truck for all the comfort they enjoy.

This society of the Mezzogiorno, in so far as it is more than the haphazard accumulation of humanity, is a society in layers. At the bottom are the inland villages of Calabria and Lucania, where men and women and countless children scrabble for a living on a pile of stones, or else rot idly in an idle countryside. Then comes the small provincial town, where gleams from the outside world filter through fly-blown air and strange sounds from far away—music from a loudspeaker in the *piazza*, accents of other regions, travellers' tales—begin to be heard. A layer above, with less of the stench of stale urine which pervades the Mezzogiorno, there comes the big county town such as Catanzaro or Cosenza, where traffic with the outside world is almost banal. Finally, but far distant, there is Naples—where all the layers can again be found, in the beggars and their destitution, the filth and crime and the scrounging for farthings, the flashy businessmen and their paunchy wives. There is beauty, too, music and intelligence, courage, human sympathy, laughter unending: but people have written enough about that. What is strange is that these virtues survive.

It is not enough to say that the provinces of the South and of Sicily and Sardinia are backward. This suggests merely that they are not keeping up with the Centre and North. The truth is worse: the provinces of the South are, in fact, retreating, and at a fairly rapid speed, into ever deeper poverty and ruin. There is one staggering proof of this. In 1861 the population of the five provinces of the Mezzogiorno (Abruzzi-Molise, Campania, Puglie, Lucania, and Calabria), and of Sicily and Sardinia, numbered 9,700,000. By the census of 1936 this figure had risen to 15,300,000—not counting 3,800,000 who had emigrated. The population had about doubled in size. Yet the gainfully employed population rose from 5,600,000 in 1861 to no more than 5,800,000 in 1936; and the number engaged in industry and transport actually fell by 100,000. The disproportion to-day is certainly much greater: there is scarcely standing room for the destitute in these antiquated towns and villages. Seldom can the capitalist system have failed so completely as here to give labour a living.

The reasons for this failure are bound up with the conditions under which Italy achieved unity. The North—of every party—tended to treat the South as a mere colony. This was possible because the South was run by landed gentry who saw no further than their noses. There had grown up during the 19th Century a class of landed proprietors who sucked from this impoverished soil and people the greater part of their pitiful production, and gave little or nothing of it back. These landowners maintained, and to some extent still maintain, an atmosphere of oppression and obscurantism which inhibits all development. Like their attitude to society, the origins of much of their property are morally indefensible. When the feudal system was formally abolished (in the Kingdom of Naples in 1806, in Sicily in 1812), the nobility merely passed into actual ownership of the lands they had previously held in fief. Then, in the course of the next half century, there grew up a new class of bourgeois landowners: both they and the nobility proceeded to the wholesale enclosure of common lands which were theoretically supposed to pass into individual peasant ownership. Such usurpations remain

a source of bitter conflict, in and out of court, throughout the Southern provinces.

These landowners of the South, bourgeois or baronial, show a disregard for economic progress and improvement which can be explained only by the all-pervading atmosphere of ignorance and callous indifference. Rather than give their land to the peasants and see it tilled, they prefer to keep it idle. For the whole of Italy, the position (and precise figures are not to be had) seems to be that about 40,000 large proprietors—though fewer families than this—have about 22 million acres, or about 550 acres each, while 2½ million peasants (not counting their dependents) are quite without land and another 1,700,000 have about one acre each. Official figures for the five Southern provinces, and for Sicily and Sardinia, show 2,559,341 properties (though not necessarily as many actual proprietors) of less than 1.1 acres each, 1,411,516 properties of less than 4.4 acres, and 5,669 of more than 440 acres.

These bare figures conceal to some extent the tremendous concentration in the hands of a few Southern owners. In the great *latifondi* region of the Crotonese in Calabria, for instance, official inquiries conducted since 1945 show that 47 landowners have 51 per cent of the land, 126 lesser noblemen and middle-class *entrepreneurs* have 27 per cent, while 10,306 peasant families have 22 per cent. It was here, in the Crotonese, that the present wave of land occupation began in October. Illuminating as these figures are, they scarcely convey a picture of the barren wilderness into which this concentration of property in irresponsible hands has transformed much of the Mezzogiorno. The forests of a century ago are gone; the torrents, unbanked and unexploited, carry away a yearly burden of erosion; the land is idle or given over to uneconomical production; the countryside is void of farms and homesteads.

The greater part of seven million poor and landless peasants in the South live, not on the land but in villages and towns which range from a few thousand inhabitants, as with inland Calabria, to the straggling conglomerations of 50,000 and more which amaze the traveller in the plains of Puglie. These peasants walk or bicycle miles to work. Labourers are lucky to make in twelve months the equivalent of £35 in cash; they can count on employment only for 100–120 days a year. Many work all day for half-a-crown. Most of the dwarf-holders live as badly or worse. Rents are often extortionate; they are seldom reasonable. More and more of the peasants, in spite of sanctions threatened by the Church, are coming to see in the parties of the Left, and primarily in the Communist party, their only hope and salvation.

Much of this may sound almost too bad to be true. Yet the facts are confirmed, with a crushing wealth of detail, by every serious investigator of whatever political colour. The Constitution of the Republic provides for land reform; the Government of De Gasperi is theoretically in full agreement. As it is, the Government's project, the Segni Bill, does no more than tinker with the problem: instead of profound structural reform in land-holding, a small part of the larger estates is to be handed gradually to peasants who can pay for it. But the peasants have no money; even if they had, they would need it for investment in their newly gained land. Just as an end to Italian unemployment of industrial labour and machinery depends upon structural reform, against the selfish interests of the owners of industry, so does an end to unemployment of the land and the peasants depend upon reform against the interests of the landowners. Yet the owners of industry and the owners of land are the foundation and the pillars of Christian-Democratic policy. It is small wonder, that the parties of the Left gain ground.

BASIL DAVIDSON

A LONDON DIARY

AN American lady who recently became a subscriber to this journal writes to express gratitude and surprise that anyone in England should find English life tolerable or manage to give even critical support to the Labour Government. How reconcile this, she goes on to ask, with "the hysterical letters from grateful Englishmen repeating, 'Oh, thank you, thank you, for the boxes of food you are sending. Please go on sending them—they are all that keep us alive.'" One of her neighbours, says the same writer, "fresh from Orwell's *1984*," told her that "England was just like that right now. They say it is hardly touched up at all." The picture of a half-starved and enslaved England has been so assiduously put about by the Hearst and other newspaper groups and by well-to-do English people trying to avoid British taxation that some Americans, it seems, actually believe, when we say that a parcel has "just saved our lives," that we mean it literally. I suppose if I explain that a parcel, especially if it contains rationed food like sugar and fat, is merely a very pleasant addition to a rather dull domestic diet, that we are looking forward to a pretty good Christmas, and that if you want to find hungry people you should go to the East side of any big American industrial town, I shall be told that I am spoofing or that Britain is cheating. How begin to disentangle from people's minds the economic reasons for Marshall Aid and the personal pleasure of receiving parcels? How explain that most people in this country believe in the Welfare State and are happy that, in contrast to the pre-war world, we can enjoy our Christmas this year without being haunted by the knowledge that there is an unemployed population unable to afford any Christmas cheer? I paid three substantial visits to America during the New Deal. Judging from the press and from conversations in trains or tourist centres, I should have believed that all Americans were groaning under terrible tyranny. But I judged, in fact, from the uninterrupted electoral victories of the New Deal. Perhaps the most effective reply to my American correspondent is to send her the figures of the South Bradford poll, which may not have been reported in her local press.

* * *

Here is another example of politics bedevilling Anglo-American understanding. Mr. Ewing, as Federal Secretary Administrator, is the pilot of Mr. Truman's Health Insurance Scheme. He was much impressed on his visit here by the smooth working of the British Health Service. He was, therefore, horrified, he said, to find that Lord Horder's Fellowship of Freedom in Medicine had received financial contributions from medical groups in the United States. He condemned this as "meddling by American organisations in other people's affairs." The Honorary Secretary of Lord Horder's Fellowship has since said that it has received "as tokens of sympathy from two American groups the total sum of £53 12s. 3d." He denies that any of the members have been financed to go to America in order to attack the British Health Scheme. It is, however, true that some British doctors visiting America have lent themselves to the million-dollar forces mobilised there against the Truman health proposals. American Liberals have even taken offence at Lord Horder's own American activities, which, as one of them put it, "were decidedly un-American." They note that Dr. Charles Hill, Secretary of the B.M.A., has admitted that 95 per cent. of British doctors support the Health Service. Many Americans are also surprised to learn from the Secretary of the Fellowship that the majority of its 3,000 members are "in the Health Service and are trying to make it work successfully." If Mr. Ewing met Lord Horder, he might help us all to learn what has happened to the generous-minded Progressive who was once a supporter of Nye Bevan and seemed to believe in a National Health Service, and who, in his book, *Health and a Day*, wanted the Ministry of Health to be the Ministry of Happiness.

* * *

No one seems to have had anything personal against the Governor of Sarawak, who has just been assassinated. One hears only the highest opinions of him. Perhaps the hearing of the trial will reveal more of the assassin's motives and the political content, if any, in the crime. In any event it seems probable that an effort will be made to throw some of the blame on Mr. Anthony Brooke, and the anti-cession associations which are said to look to him for guidance. I have never been able to feel excited about this dynasty. The Brooke administration, no doubt, had many good points, but it was anomalous in the middle of the twentieth century. I do feel, however, that Mr. Anthony Brooke makes a fair point on his own behalf when he says, in his published statement, that for three years, since the annexation of Sarawak in 1946, these anti-cession associations have avoided all acts of violence in their agitation and have created a precedent for that part of the world, by relying on such patient, Western methods as putting up posters, holding meetings and issuing memorials, and that it is wrong to assume that their agitation is responsible for this crime.

* * *

I take the following news item from China News Letter, which is produced in Madison, Wisconsin. I understand that it is mainly based on private information supplied to the Chinese in America from correspondents in Hong Kong and elsewhere in China. For the source of this story, however, it is not necessary to look farther afield than New York.

Dr. Tinfu T. Tsiang, chief Chinese Nationalist delegate at the United Nations, is being annoyed by not only Peking's denial of his delegation's right to U.N. seats, but a threat by his entire lower staff to resign *en masse*. On October 20, the staff members called on him to tell him:

1. That they had not received their salaries for four months; and
2. That they now wanted to resign and go home with their back pay and passage.

Tsiang replied that he could only refer the matter to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Chungking, and promised to convey to the latter the demands by cable. The Ministry apparently shelved it and no reply ever came. Angered, the staffers renewed their demands and questioned Tsiang what kind of funds were the U.S. $850,000 deposited at American banks under the names of George Yeh, acting Foreign Minister, and a few other officials. Tsiang said he didn't know. He persuaded the employees to stay at their jobs for the time being, as long as, he told them, the delegation was paying them food subsidies on a day-to-day basis during the U.N. assembly period.

* * *

Dr. Hector Munro, who died without even the solace of a *Times* obituary last week, was a familiar figure—familiar, I think, to many who

had not the remotest idea who he was. Like John Burns, he never wore an overcoat and walked about in the dirtiest weather oblivious of the wind and the rain playing with his silver hair. He was one of Keir Hardie's closest comrades. For forty years he attended at Labour Party Conferences, listening in silence and commenting vigorously in private. He was one of the first correctly to diagnose Ramsay MacDonald's political disease. He was born in Macbeth's home town of Cawdor, came to London in 1903 and never lost his broad Highland speech or his interest in chess and Highland dances. As a doctor he was a great authority on foot diseases and believed that, in the absence of the real thing, artificial sunshine could soon be used to banish the remains of poverty diseases. He was among the first to discover the vitamin properties of fruit, especially oranges and lemons, which, perhaps, explains why he was for many years Bernard Shaw's doctor. He was the first Harley Street specialist to join the National Health scheme, and among his various enterprises the only failure of which I know was his inability to reduce G. K. Chesterton's figure.

* * *

Outside my office window stand the fine trees of Lincoln's Inn. To-day, in one of them, three men, arranged in a pattern like stage acrobats, are lopping off boughs. They wear no safety belts and they carry saws tied by cords to their sides. Sometimes one of them will crawl out along a bough that looks too flimsy to bear his weight. He does not straddle the bough or cling to it with his legs, but lies along it with his toes resting on the top of it. A cat couldn't do a neater job. Steeplejacking is easy and safe in comparison, and as for window-cleaning, it does not begin to compete. I asked the oldest of these men, while we watched one of the others far out on a limb, eighty feet up, with nothing beneath him, whether there were other firms that did a similar job. He said there was one other in this country. His firm is "The Chiltern Tree Surgery." There were three of them and they worked in a team. He got about £12 a week minus income tax and his younger colleagues rather less. Yes, they were insured by Lloyd's. It was true that climbing irons would make the job safer but they would damage the trees. Did they have any special training or begin very young? He said: "I did not begin this job until I was 35, but I've been a devil for climbing ever since I was a child—that I must admit. There are a lot that try the work and can get up the tree all right, but give up when it comes to climbing out on the limbs." At this point a large bough crashed to the ground, leaving the man with a long stretch to crawl backwards to the trunk. One of the watchers below said: "I'd rather him than me." I disagreed. I was just green with envy.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"A Liberal, loyally backed by Tories, but uncompromisingly Liberal in his creed and supported only by Liberals on the platform, could, I think, win."—Extract from letter by Ronald F. Walker, President Yorkshire Liberal Federation, in *Manchester Guardian*. (W. Smith.)

Supt. Young said that no objection was taken to properly organised carol singers with adults in charge on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, provided the necessary application had been made to the Watch Committee and granted by them.—*Star*. (J. C. Reynolds.)

For 5s. a night Nottingham parents can hire university students as sitters-in. The service includes the mixing of milk and the singing of a lullaby if necessary.—*Sunday Express*. (H. J. Hyde.)

"In no circumstances," the judge continued, "can a poker be regarded as a proper instrument of domestic chastisement."—*News of the World*. (Harry Wilson.)

But we do suggest that . . . within very wide limits washing is a desirable habit.—*Report of the Water Softening Sub-Committee of the Central Advisory Committee*. (H.M.S.O.) (F. W. Wilkinson.)

When Berwick goes gay in 1951 for the Festival of Britain celebrations the local public conveniences are to be reconditioned as part of the festivities.—*Berwick Journal and North Northumberland News*. (T. N. Parker.)

TENETS OWER THE BORDER

To the Scottish Convention 'twas MacCormick who spoke:
It's time we were rid of the Westminster yoke,
Gin each bairn of Jock Tamson a freeman would be,
Let him follow the tenets of Bonnie MacC.!

Chorus:
Come fill up your cup, come fill up your pen,
Set forth with Form A to the clachan and glen
Let them sign on the dotted (while stressing it's free!)
And subscribe to the tenets of Bonnie MacC.

There are Bills for the Highlands and schemes for the Firth
But they're treated as subject for Sassenach mirth,
We've been John Bull's gillies since 1603
So out with your Biros for Bonnie MacC.!
Come fill up, etc.

Genteel Evolution's the Englishman's boast,
In Russia and France Revolution's the toast,
We'll rebel by round robin, let Parliament see
There's ink on my claymore—Devolution for me!

TOM BAISTOW

ON VARGA

"MARXISM", the Marxists always say, "is not a dogma . . . just a scientific approach to analysis and discovery." How can we test such a claim? Surely we must look at the Soviet Union, the land where Marxists have had the most time and the widest powers to unite theory and practice. And one of the striking points which emerges is the central position held by the "recantation" in Soviet intellectual life. In music, literature and science it has become the standard ending to controversy. It has happened in philosophy and biology in different ways at different times. And recent months have seen the latest in the series of "scientific Marxist" recantations. The economist Eugene Varga has admitted that "he made serious mistakes" and he now accepts "the Communist Party's criticism of his work." This admission was the climax to a controversy which had raged for over two years in Soviet economics.

How did this controversy arise and develop? In 1946, Varga published a book, *Changes in the Economy of Capitalism Resulting from the Second World War*. Almost at once it was severely criticised on six main counts. He had "abstracted politics away from economics"; he had distorted the role of the State in capitalist economies; he had propounded an incorrect theory of capitalist impoverishment; he had made factual errors both in discussing the post-war relationships between imperialist powers and their overseas dependencies and in analysing the economic organisation of the new Eastern democracies. Clearly these charges varied in importance; they all stem from the parent criticism, made throughout the years of the Varga dispute and at varying levels of politeness and subtlety, namely, that his methodology, especially his piecemeal approach, was incorrect. This basic error had led him away from Marxist orthodoxy to underestimate the instability of non-Socialist economies. For these offences the Institute of World Economy and World Politics which he directed was closed down and its activities merged with those of another body. He was, however, allowed to go on working and writing. And until April of this year he conspicuously failed to recant. In an open letter to *Pravda* in March, he protested both the orthodoxy of his Marxism and his hostility to the "new Anglo-American war-mongers who mendaciously assert that they have certain supporters in our country. . . ." But the letter contained nothing in the way of a recantation.

The temptation was strong to interpret his stubborn survival as an index of his influence and as a symbol of official flexibility. After all, here was a Soviet Marxist, an intellectual leader who had stayed both heretical and alive for a considerable period. He had had kind things to say, for example, about reformist essays in nationalisation in Britain. However justifiable his comments on such topics may have been, they were contrary to what the Marxist scholastics were writing in *New Times* and other official journals. The Varga episode seemed to cover a period of "controlled liberty" which would last until the Authorities made up their minds. It seemed possible that Varga, as the mouthpiece of "moderate" opinion, might be coming back into favour should Soviet foreign policies be modified. The evidence for this was never very conclusive; nor was it clear why Varga's "vindication" should come at that particular juncture of post-war economic development, especially in the U.S.A. In fact, such vindication never came about.

It is interesting to contrast Varga's recantation with his upstanding behaviour in the period of heresy. Claiming now that in the nationalised sector of the British economy "the biggest monopolists remain at the top," he is clearly echoing the party-line; for no new facts have emerged which might justify this harsher language. Likewise he pays the popular homage-in-clichés to the Marxist-Leninist theory of the State, which rigidly applied (as he himself had previously argued) acts as a strait-jacket to observation and analysis. As controversialist, Varga had throughout shown his distaste for a dogmatic Marxism, which does nothing to account for the changes taking place in the economic structure and organisation of the capitalist world but treats vaguely of "general crises." He refused to write a propaganda-book. He showed a refreshing unwillingness, for a Soviet Marxist, to adopt a fundamentalist position:

> I think many comrades say too mechanically "either-or." Either planned economy or complete anarchy. That is not how the matter stands.

Because he maintained that theoretical generalisation is "not simply a matter of enumerating the facts so that they lead inevitably to the former conclusions of Marxist-Leninism," he was accused of distorting that doctrine. He claimed to be "an old-fashioned person," to prefer a study of the *facts* to the more precipitate Marxist projections formulated almost completely in jargon. For this he was accused of "blurring the contradictions in capitalism after the war" and of making impossible "a scientific appraisal."

In 1947, he was cheerfully arguing that though, of course, "planned" economy was not possible under capitalism, yet "there was a high degree of control in capitalist economies at war, designed to eliminate the planless anarchy of production";

and, even in post-war conditions, "the role of the State in the U.S.A. remains greater than it was before the war . . . in England too at the present time the State plays a far greater role than formerly." As we have seen, he drew on evidence from Labour Britain to deny that, even in peacetime, "the financial oligarchy determines the entire policy of the bourgeoisie, the entire policy of the State." All this line of thought was, two years later, abandoned in favour of over-simplified orthodoxy.

It may be that Varga interpreted changes in the economic situation in the U.S.A. as a sign for returning to the orthodox theory of "general crisis" whose inadequacy he had so powerfully denounced. But his recantation was in far more general terms; he has promised to rewrite his book completely. Whatever the reasons for his long obstinacy, the episode is best taken as part of the steady movement towards total uniformity in Soviet intellectual life and within the setting of the great battle against "idealism" and "cosmopolitan bourgeois objectivism." This latter grave charge was laid against Varga in the Spring, and his recantation may have been speeded up thereby. Whatever stimulated his change of heart, another anomaly has been removed by the remorseless process of Bolshevik self-criticism.

JULIUS GOULD

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN OUGHT TO KNOW

SUPPOSE that you were asked to write a book containing, within a brief compass, what every contemporary young man ought to know. (Having regard to the familiar implications of the phrase, one feels tempted to add, "about everything except sex"; we will assume that the "facts of life" can be taken for granted). You want to provide a map of the modern world, and by "world" I don't mean simply the collection of States whose political and economic relations dominate contemporary thought, but the stars and the atom, life and mind and matter and art and God, if God exists—in fact, the whole bag of cosmic tricks. (For it is, I think, an accident of our times that men's attention should be concentrated so largely on their relations to their fellow men and to the State. Man is a person, as well as a citizen; his body is in nature and related to nature, and he possesses, many have held, a soul which relates him to the world which is above nature).

A hundred years ago the outlines of such a map would have been easy to draw, for the nature of the universe was more or less settled and the settlement agreed. The universe was fundamentally spiritual, and its inmost reality was a mind akin to our own, the mind of God. God had planned and created the physical universe and had put men into it in pursuance of a purpose. As to the nature of that purpose there might be a doubt—it might, perhaps, be summarily described as the preparation of human souls for salvation—but that it was a moral purpose there was no doubt. The universe was, then, a moral universe, and humanity was not a sort of outside passenger travelling across a fundamentally alien and hostile environment. Man was the expression of a reality which was fundamentally not other than itself; he was made in God's image to carry out God's purpose.

Few to-day would subscribe to this picture. What, then, are the factors which have led to its obliteration and what picture, if any, do they permit us to put in its place? Broadly they are four: a materialist determinism, deriving from an extension to the universe as a whole of the modes of explanation which have been used with such conspicuous success in special departments; Marxism, deriving from a reflection upon the forces and factors that operate in the development of human societies; the theory of evolution based upon researches into the past of life in general and of human life in particular, and Freudianism founded upon an examination of the individual psyche. Our book would take a glance at each of these in turn with a view to finding out how far they justified the disruption of the previously prevailing Christian scheme, and how far its replacement by some other scheme.

Materialist science has formed the climate of our time; it issues in the presumption that only the things that we can see and touch and things like unto them are *really* real. In the form which concerns our book it is based largely upon the sciences of astronomy and geology. During the last hundred years geology has enormously extended the time span of the world; astronomy the size and spread of space. Nowhere else in the universe is life known to exist; but it is surmised that the physical conditions suitable to life, as we know it, are very rare. Hence, in the vast immensities of geological time and astronomical space life seems like a tiny glow flickering uncertainly and doomed ultimately to extinction in the one corner of the universe that has known it. The physical universe does not seem to have been designed for life.

Due allowance would be made for these considerations; but their relevance to the unity of the Christian scheme is not clear. That the universe is large and time long, has always been known. Does it really affect the issue, if they prove to be even larger and longer than had been supposed? Moreover, large and long as they are, it now turns out that they will have an end and probably had a beginning. All the processes discernible in the physical universe are those of energy propagation and diffusion; when energy has reached a condition of uniformly even diffusion, there will, presumably, be no further events in the physical cosmos. So far, then, as the purely physical world is concerned, it will come to an end in time. But the Christian view has always maintained that.

And the beginning? If you were to shake a fountain pen into a glass of water, you would observe, first, a comparatively concentrated blob of ink, and then its gradual diffusion through the water. If you were next to observe a second glass, in which there was an almost but not, as yet, *quite* uniform diffusion, and noted that the diffusion was obviously becoming more uniform and not less, you would deduce that somebody had shaken into the glass the ink which you saw being diffused. In other words, the energy now being propagated throughout the universe must at some time or other have been concentrated in the nebulae and the stars. The physical universe, in fact, was created—that, at least, is what it looks like. As for the vastness and loneliness of the universe and the insignificance of human life within it, what are these but human concepts? If there were no mind to find it so, the universe would be neither lonely, empty nor vast. It would be hard here to resist quoting Pascal: "Man is only a reed, the weakest thing in nature; but he is a thinking reed."

The theory of evolution would take up a considerable part of our book. Men descended from apes or the cousins of apes? How, then, can they have been specially created by God? We do not know, but a discussion of the Lysenko controversy would at least clarify the issue. If Lysenko is right, if human beings are clean slates at birth, except apparently for the characteristics acquired by their parents (which can be transmitted to them), then man is infinitely malleable by his society. In effect, then, Governments should be able to build the human types required for their sociological experiments by causing the parents to acquire the characteristics they desire, and then finding them perpetuated in the next generation. But there are two snags. First, the germ cell is unaffected by the events which happen in and to the bodies and minds of the parents; secondly, the germ plasm itself mutates. In other words, variations occur which cannot be predicted, although the rate of variation can in some circumstances be calculated. The causation of these variations is unknown. Yet it is apparently from one or more of them that our species originates. The first consideration suggests that man may still be made by God, since it is clear that he cannot be wholly made by man. The second, that God may still work in His mysterious way by causing new species to arise. The fact that man is not a brand new creation but is probably a mutation in the germ plasm of some pre-existing species does not invalidate the creative principle; it only throws light on the machinery of its operation.

Of all the developments of the last hundred years Marxism has been in practice the most hostile to the Christian scheme. But how far is this hostility required by its theory? What we must now accept is that the large-scale movements of history are determined by forces very different from those that would have been postulated a hundred years ago. Human will and aspiration count less; the conditions under which, and the implements by means of which, human needs are satisfied, far more. History is like a stream whose banks are economic circumstance; great men and their inventions are like boulders that are thrown athwart its course. For a time the stream is deflected, the course of history changed; but in a hundred years the course of the stream will be found to be pretty much what it would have been, if no boulder had been thrown. All this is true. But how far is the Christian view affected? The Christian view was, after all, concerned less with the movements of history than with the lives of individuals; less with the mass than with the individual soul. What Marxism asserts, in effect, is that the great movements of history are largely, if not wholly, determined by specifiable factors. But there is no suggestion that these movements are compulsive upon the individual person, or that his relation with society, determined as it may be by factors outside his control, has much bearing upon his relation to God.

If man's conscious life is in all respects determined, as some Freudians appear to imply, if consciousness is no more than a cork bobbing about on the waves of unconscious impulse and desire, its movements set for it by currents that run below the surface, then the Christian view of man as in some respects a free moral being must be abandoned. But, when all allowance is made for unconscious motivation, is it clear that it is absolute and all-embracing? Is it really an urge of whose nature I am unaware—except perhaps that it is irrelevant to chess—that causes me to move my Bishop instead of my Knight, and not a disinterested apprehension of the facts of the situation? The crux of the matter is the Freudian attitude to conscience. Freud revealed for the first time the structure and machinery of conscience. In so far as he was concerned with the philosophy of the matter, he adopted what may be called the subjectivist approach. But he took the philosophy, as it were, in his stride, and did not concern himself with the arguments which may be urged against

a subjective view. What emerges from his treatment is that, whether the operations of conscience as an internal accuser and judge are or are not desirable, they are at any rate inescapable; for conscience, Freud taught, is implanted in all mankind. But this again is precisely what the Christian religion has always maintained.

In sum, then, while dwelling at length on the difficulties which the thought of the last hundred years has raised for the Christian synthesis of 1849, our book would suggest that none of them is insuperable. What has gone is not so much the Christian universe, as its certainty. Instead of the "Thus saith the Lord" attitude of our grandfathers, we are inclined to maintain that "the evidence on the whole is not inconsistent with the view that." We have no longer the old assurance as to the design of the universe and the intentions of its Creator, but we still find it difficult to get on without postulating some design and some kind of Creator. C. E. M. JOAD

MIRACLE IN BATLHAROS

(By a Correspondent)

KURUMAN is the last township before you enter the Kalahari Desert from the South African side. The first White man to settle there was Robert Moffatt, the missionary whose daughter Livingstone married. It was a great gathering place for the natives because of "The Eye of Kuruman," a mysterious well of crystal water that pours unendingly out of a rock in the hillside. Nowadays a small township has grown up around the Eye. Orchards are irrigated from it. It has been tapped to the many cattle ranches that surround the township. And the natives have been moved on.

During a recent trip through South Africa, I stayed at Kuruman to prepare for the difficult crossing of the Kalahari Desert. Looking around for relics of Livingstone, I was told to go to the Native Reserve, lying about 20 miles out in the desert. There I found the Moffatt Mission still intact but in a bad state of repair. Nearby, and scattered about in some of the most desolate country I have ever seen, live 50,000 detribalised natives. Or rather, they exist. No one can quite explain how they live. There is practically no rainfall; their land is an eroded monument to apathy. Here and there is a pathetic patch of wilted mealies mostly destined to dry up and die long before harvest time. And in the middle of this horrible place, at Batlharos, I found St. Michael's Hospital.

It was a trim little T-shaped single-storey building with a red, corrugated roof. Nearby were one or two native-made living huts of the *rondavel* type. As I drove up, a tiny bushman who was brushing the steps grinned at me toothlessly. Inside, African nurses were moving around efficiently. On the verandah I could see the enormous brown eyes of native children watching me from their cots.

I was shown round by Sister Disney, a quiet, efficient Suffolk woman, who had been at Batlharos for two years. She showed me the tiny, overcrowded wards, in one of which children were lying on mattresses on the floor. There had been an outbreak of diphtheria in one of the villages, and twenty extra patients had had to be accommodated. The staff were African probationers, who came from all over Africa to get their training. Whenever I praised anything, Sister Disney, always deprecating, gave all the credit to Sister Cordon, the Matron. And when I asked why, I got the astounding reply: "Well, you see, she's been here seventeen years!"

Sister Cordon was out on a job, but soon there was the rattle of an old car in the yard, and there she was. A tiny bird of a woman, who jumped out of the driving seat and started to organi e the shifting of her patient from the back—a pregnant woman who had just had a bad haemorrhage. Despite Sister Cordon's size, and the obvious wear of those years in the desert, one could immediately feel the drive, the fire that was within her. Two probationers ran forward with a stretcher, a gardener boy turned up, and the groaning, terrified patient was soon inside. Then the Matron turned to me and held out her hand. "It's nice to see a new face around here."

She took me round some of her pet patients. There was an old man of 76 years called Sarai who had walked 40 miles to the hospital with an appalling, gangrenous foot that needed immediate amputation. He was now up and about, and starting to fashion his own wooden leg! There was the lovely boy of eight, dying of tuberculosis, whose mother sat constantly by him. As I approached, her face lit up for a moment. Perhaps I was some new doctor who would save her child? When I shook my head, her face went back to its piteous immobility.

I was asked to lunch and strolled over to one of the *rondavels*. The heat was appalling. The wind blew hot sand into one's eyes. And yet one stepped through the fly-gauze door into England—the few precious bits of good furniture; the hospital groups in silver frames on the desk, nurses stiffly posed in front of a gloomy Midland hospital, the mixed hockey team with the doctors, the new operating theatre now so sadly out of date, and so on. And mixed up with it all were native beadwork and strangely carved figures to remind us we were in Africa. Those, and the heat.

Dr. Winifred Tribe joined us for lunch. A stocky young Londoner, she had already done two years' work amongst the natives in Bechuanaland. Casually, she'd tell stories of trips into the desert alone, fighting her truck from one dune to the next, and often a major operation at the end of it. But always it was terribly difficult to get those women to talk. They wanted me to do the talking. Because I was newly from England I represented glamour. And yet, sitting with those three heroines, I felt about as glamorous as a pound of cheese.

For seventeen years Sister Cordon has been struggling with poverty. Not only the abject poverty of the natives, but the abject poverty of the hospital. Dependent mostly on charity, they have got by with a tiny grant from the South African Government. Their total annual income has usually been about £4,000. Out of that they pay all salaries, run the hospital and treat more than 15,000 patients a year!

And now the Nationalist Government has removed their grant. Not only that, but the Government grant to feed native children in the schools has been stopped too. This is one of the most inhuman enactments of modern times. Costing less than twopence a day, that bowl of mealie porridge stood between most of the children in the Native Reserves and actual starvation. And yet, in an attempt to force cheap labour on to the farms, it was stopped. White schools still retain their grant. Many of them do not use it and requested permission to pass it on to the native schools. Even this was refused.

As a result, the work at St. Michael's, as at other native hospitals, has increased enormously. Sister Cordon told me she had had a 25 per cent. increase in malnutrition cases in the last six months. From this malnutrition will follow many diseases. And for the first time in seventeen years Sister Cordon was beginning to despair.

I have had a long letter from her. St. Michael's Hospital is still in Batlharos—but only just. As Sister Cordon says, "the miracle is that we are still in existence, for the odds against us have been very strong, and only faith in the seemingly impossible has kept the ship afloat." And after gossiping cheerfully about the patients, she ends up: "This month we are down to zero in funds and our poverty is perplexing. What are we to do to keep going? Faith *does* move mountains, faith *does* produce funds; but we read and know 'Faith without works is dead'."

Sister Cordon, Sister Disney and Dr. Tribe are just three more victims of the regime in South Africa that is creating a revolting police State of familiar pattern—the pattern of segregation, forced labour, repression and fear. Undoubtedly the day of retribution will come. Unfortunately, it is the tiny, isolated communities like Batlharos that will suffer first.

THE VILLAGE

THE English village? The typical English village? Oh, surely we know all about that. First, of course, the church, medieval but restored in Victorian times. Perhaps a Saxon font, certainly some picturesque ivy and yew-trees. Then the manor house, preferably Jacobean, well gardened and orcharded. The pub, too, suitably equipped with old oak and pewter, and an *omnium gatherum* shop. And finally the cottages, either half-timbered and thatched or, in the Cotswolds where an undue proportion of these villages reside, stone and tile, but in either case inevitably garnished in summer with hollyhocks and the humming of bees, and in winter with a mantle of snow.

Equally familiar are the inhabitants of this delightful but suspicious village. The parson comes first. He may be young and hearty, in which case he marries the heroine at the end of the book and goes to work in the East End; but the Standard Issue, Mark One, is elderly and ascetic and his unworldly wisdom and deep local knowledge prove most effective in disentangling those domestic complications which coagulate so alarmingly in Chapter Twelve. The squire, of course, is easily recognisable by his military title, battered tweeds and escort of spaniels. His gardener, too, is an important local character who has now ousted that dim but picturesque figure, the Oldest Inhabitant, who once sat on a bench outside the pub and remembered, according to his generation, Waterloo, the Crimea or the days when "it wor tuppence a pint, aye and better stuff it wor."

This, of course, is immense fun. But is it true? Well, it is as true and as untrue as myth. The basic error in this mythology, surely, is the concept, natural and often unconscious, of the village as a collection of buildings. In reality, of course, the village is a human community, living, growing and developing, and the buildings are merely its clothes; or, more accurately, the clothes it has inherited. For human relationships change more rapidly than bricks and mortar, and we err greatly if we try to deduce the contemporary social structure of the village from the ancient but surviving physical structure. The modern manor-house, for instance, does not necessarily imply a squire, neither does a church always entail a resident parson. Indeed, the buildings deceive us by their very permanence, for we have come to regard the village as a changeless and traditional community, the very symbol of quiet, timeless stability. But this is an error. The

village we see to-day, however ancient its buildings, is not an ancient form of community. Neither is it a truly modern one. It is the product of modern forces acting on an ancient economy.

For the industrial age dealt harshly with the English countryside, and its effects need some analysis. The first great change, the conversion of the land-occupying peasantry to hired labourers by the Enclosures of George III's time, is an old story and now interests us more as a warning than as a guide. The new system has been established longer than any man now living can remember; the modern labourer is concerned with improving his conditions, not changing his status; and there is no prospect whatsoever in the foreseeable future of any general revival of the peasantry. But there is a great difference between a community where the landless farmworker is a rarity and the community where he is a normal instrument of production, and we should remember this when we discuss the "changeless" village which so delights us on our holidays. For not so very long ago, as lifetimes run, many of the cottages housed farmers, not labourers, and even to-day you will sometimes find in the back-gardens decaying and shapeless buildings which were once the byres and barns of the men of the Open Fields.

The second great break was equally important and equally destructive, but is unfortunately far less familiar to modern minds. For in our vague assumption that what we see to-day is a true and complete survival from the past we have come to regard the village as a purely agricultural community. Indeed, it is hard for us to think of the village as anything *but* an agricultural community. But turn to that illuminating publication, the *Telephone Directory*, and observe the columns of Coopers, Fletchers, Masons, Potters, Smiths, Tanners and Wrights who witness to the number and variety of trades and industries which once flourished in our villages. For not only did every parish in Old England need certain craftsmen, such as a builder, a smith and a miller, but a multitude of local industries, often on a part-time or domestic basis, had developed, in most cases near the sources of raw material; weaving in East Anglia, for instance, ironworks and charcoal-burning in the Weald, lace in Devon, baize in Essex, plush and axle-trees in North Oxfordshire, buttons in North Dorset. In many cases the artisans were also, seasonally, farm-workers, just as many farmers' wives and daughters were spinners. For in those days there was little territorial distinction between agriculture and industry, and even in his own village Hodge was but one manual worker among many. Thus a certain Norfolk parish in 1789 contained 231 families, of whom fifty were farmers, twenty-six spinners, twelve publicans and twelve carpenters, with a total of fifty-seven types of employment. This was typical of the Old English village.

Now the craftsman is a very valuable character. He tends to be more mobile, and therefore freer, than the peasant, less bound by tradition and accustomed to greater independence and a different type of responsibility. Thus the old agrarian risings were invariably led not by peasants but by craftsmen—Wat (the) Tiler and Litster the dyer in 1381, and Kett the tanner in 1549, while Shakespeare, describing Cade's Revolt in terms, presumably, of the village life he himself knew, mentions only a tanner, a butcher and a weaver, Cade himself figuring as a clothier or as a bricklayer. The standards of conduct and leadership among these men were very high indeed, and such craftsmen as survive continue this tradition of social superiority. Thus the gentry who will seldom "mister" a labourer except on the most formal occasions, will probably put the local carpenter on an equality with "Mr. Farmer."

But from the 1780s onwards, the Industrial Revolution and the new towns preyed on the villages of Old England, first draining away the artisans to the new factories, then destroying the old industries and crafts by mass-production. The process was slow; the last of the Wealden ironworkers did not die till 1883, the windmills turned within living memory, county directories, not so very old, list industries now forgotten. And of course some survived, the Witney blanket-works, the Peasenhall drill-factory, for instance, while the countryside always needs a minimum of craftsmen for its daily work. Nevertheless, on the whole the countryside was stripped of a source of wealth and of a natural aristocracy of independent men to which all could aspire. In its last age, this class produced two prominent radicals, Paine, the son of a harness-maker, and Austin, the son of a miller; but when Arch organised his Union in the 1870s his chief support, apart from the field-workers, came from Methodist ministers and town sympathisers. It is, however, significant that his principal ally was Jesse Collings, son of a country builder and descended, it appears, from a farming family ruined in some 18th century Enclosure. Thus he represented the last conscious protest of the two great rural classes, the peasant and the artisan, to whom the industrial age brought ruin.

Thus was the village reduced to dependence on one industry alone, farming, and then too, this was stricken. From the later 1870s to 1939 depression was king, though his sway was not equally hard and cunning rebels could sometimes come to reasonable terms with him. Nevertheless, the prosperity, and with it the prides and the hopes of the village, faded and weakened and life continued with decreased numbers and lowered vitality. And as the foundations crumbled, so did the super-structure fall; the landlord suffered with the cultivator. East Anglia, for instance, had been one of the centres of the Agricultural Revolution, and in the High Farming times of the '60s was one of the most prosperous rural areas in England. Yet in 1901 Haggard, himself a Norfolk landowner, could write: "I can recall none of the landowners I know in Norfolk or Suffolk who is living on the proceeds of his land." Thus did the slump strike at the very basis of the traditional system of land-ownership whose centres and symbols were the mansion and the manor.

The village suffered socially as well as economically. For the Big House was a "centre of civilisation," a training ground in domestic duties and a source of rich prizes to the smart and ambitious. A girl trained there was sought as a wife, the chauffeur was one of the most travelled men in the village and any local activity could rely on support, interest and often funds from above. But those days are past and the village has been thrown on its own resources. And unfortunately it is predominantly a society of men with the same sort of work, the same sort of background, the same sort of pay and the same sort of future. It is significant that many Home Guard officers found men unwilling to accept stripes because in so equalitarian and close-knit a community they feared to put themselves above their fellows and perhaps "get in bad" with them by exercising authority. It is equally significant that the best modern survey of a rural area contains a section headed "The Inertia of the Village."

Thus and thus and thus did the industrial age deal with the traditional rural community of England, gradually robbing it of scope for ambition, of sources of wealth and social variety, of traditional leadership and almost of hope till it degenerated into the narrow, closed, impoverished community of late Victorian and Edwardian times. It is against this background that we must discuss the modern village. NIGEL HARVEY

(To be concluded).

SO THEY SAY . . .

THE coming General Election exercised a decisive influence on Fleet Street's judgments on the electoral results in South Bradford and Australia, declared on December 9 and December 11 respectively.

Daily Express, December 10:—

It would be rash to base any general expectations on a South Bradford result. . . .

Daily Express, December 12:—

FROM DOWN UNDER

Give thanks and rejoice this day for the deep, quiet sanity of the British Empire. Here it is, the Turn of the Tide. . . .

Daily Herald, December 10:—

BRADFORD TELLS THE WORLD

Daily Herald, December 12:—

Australia's internal politics are her own business.

Daily Graphic, December 10:—

[South Bradford] is not a very encouraging pointer for the Socialists. . . .

Daily Graphic, December 12:—

Socialists are trying desperately to convince themselves that what happens in the Antipodes offers no basis for forecasts of the political weather in Britain. . . .

Daily Telegraph, December 10:—

Though . . it cannot be said that the South Bradford result is much of a pointer. . .

Daily Telegraph, December 12:—

. . . it is worth noticing how strongly . . . those who defeated [Socialism] in Australia emphasised the decline in prosperity and standing in the world which Britain has experienced under our present masters. . . .

Avanti!

Manchester Guardian, December 10:—

Perhaps the safest thing to be said about the Bradford result is that it illustrated how hard the core of Liberal votes still is.

News Chronicle, December 10:—

P. 1: Mr. Canning [the unofficial Liberal candidate] lost his deposit.

P. 2: The history of this election has entirely vindicated [the Liberal Party's] decision to stand aside.

So Near, and Yet So Far

Sunday Chronicle, December 11:—

Canberra is a good deal nearer Whitehall than the map suggests. . . .

Reynolds' News, December 11:—

Australia and New Zealand are half a world away. . . .

Watch Out, Menzies!

Daily Worker, December 12:—

The valiant Communist Party [of Australia] . . . was the only party which fought for peace, for the independence of Australia, for a policy of economic and social advance. Its brave struggles will bear fruit in the months ahead. .

AUTOLYCUS

SUN OUT OF SEASON

AUTUMN is the season of mists and fruits, bonfires and regrets. In London, too early the leaves begin falling. How easily at first —with a smile for their pretty aberration—one lets them go! But then absent-mindedness becomes habit, habit a ruination: idiot trees, don't they know where to stop? Of course not, it's their annual pantomime, the transformation scene they've been leading up to; and already leaves strew the pavements like sogged corn-flakes, or run a rats' revel, or all day smoulder to add a tang to decline. The little cremation heaps in parks are replaced by lorries that can't and won't wait: cart 'em away, burn or bury 'em, what now does it matter? Yet at an earlier stage one had resisted with all the weakness of one of those same leaves, fallen into water, and dallying a little on the surface that bears it away.

Past forty, a writer finds himself often tempted by clanging bells or leaves in a drift to shut himself off and quietly rejuvenate; hey, the film is reversed and the bonfire whisks back to itself, the heap of leaves is raked out, the leaves fly up to their twigs, the tree plumps out, the sun mounts higher and higher in a more intense blue. It can be done; it has been done, rather too often. By imagination we live, but its tricks—like this of putting back time—are those of the conjuror, which may take in anyone except himself. So the reminiscent trick doesn't work. But another one—which personally I hadn't played for ten years, and involving passport, currency, and a southward ticket—does. Its mere concreteness lends a certain substance.

Eighteen hours after leaving September London, I stepped out into an Avignon still mid-summering. The heat on my neck scorched, a bicyclist (boy or girl) went by in a glare of white, the grape hadn't been gathered, they were haying in the fields over the river. For in the train on the way down (besides removing coat and tie) I had noticed a thing or two: marble skies and ox-ploughs to the north, blacker shadows and deserted streets in the towns and irrigation and horses' hats and the blue of peasant shirts on the colza, the further we travelled south. Now it was 6.30 or so in the evening, and the aperitive-sippers preferred cafés on the shady side.

Could any race, unless impregnated by the sun, have invented such a dull, cold, moony-medicinal draught as absinthe (or its trade equivalent)? I licked up my Pernod, as those round me were licking up theirs, though it reminded me of nothing so much as what I'd put back—a misty London street under the green-blue blight of "lighting up." But everything else encouraged my French leave: the shirt-sleeves and shorts, the quick twilight, the drip of a fountain, the Arabian Nights menu, the stroll across two streams of the Rhone, to look back from a darkly deserted terrace at the floodlit Palais des Papes. The Palace itself I never entered; nor did I even set forth on the residuary Pont, where in song they dance, they dance. Avignon is a pretty enough holiday place, sleek with antiquity. It restores ten feet of battlement, and opens a new café. Its walls, designed to shut out the hordes, now welcome them, with a scratchy tune on the wireless. By the main gate I watched an American swig the inevitable Pernod *before* debating a breakfast of black coffee and rolls. Oh tourism, how irreversible have been *thy* gains—with what daily atrocities enforced! And under the very shadow of the anti-Popes a hotelier whispered to us, the Russians were here. "Where?" we exclaimed. Making their dispositions, it seemed, biding their time. True, he was a Pole.

But such complaints (as they will swell up on paper) irritated not at all at the time. The sun shone, the buses purred, the gendarme blew a long shrill note on his whistle: Avignon opened a gateway and a flood of traffic to the South. I knew well enough what lay ahead: glassy skies and the runaway Rhone, and wide miles of vineyard, and on near horizons sharp little wave-crests of rock; Tarascon, Fontvieille, Arles; then on across salt-marshes to the sea, or eastwards a good way into the quite different country about Aix. All these, in '38 and '39—with catastrophe impending—I had visited before; and a memory of each, caged in crystal, would anticipate the actual scene.

How simplified and how wrong, sometimes, these casual but bright images were! Tarascon, with its great sunlit bastion on the river and the happy-go-lucky circulation of its single street, had appreciated rather too steeply in memory: the fort and the view were there (if blistered by bombing), but where the remembered succulent, lazy essence of place? A slum of back-streets remained picturesque slum; hens hopped about the square finding old tyre-cases and voicing their disagreement and ours: for a while interest centred upon a simpleton carving a tip-cat, and then on the woman who stood so long waiting for her bus that in the end she nearly missed it. The war and the bad times? Partly. But also the hard old life drains away uneasily from little towns that have only thundering lorries, barracks, a local wine co-operative, and a dribble of tourists to keep them going.

As one of the latter, with an indefensibly pensive pen, I have uttered my last and worst plaint. The tire of travel, at the time, is lightened by a million gay discoveries, which I could begin to list, but which would occupy me till the opening of the Great 1951 Exhibition. How, for example, the little girl on a bicycle, wearing a pinafore twice as long as her skirt, has carefully pulled down that pinafore as she rides by the man-at-ease café where I sprawl; how the *chasseur* (no English word—"sportsman" is too gentle), also on bike, has slung his gun and keeps his running dog on a string; how in an hour or two the cinema, showing an American gangster film, will alarm the street as though for real burglars; how the church bells try to peal on a single note, the cicada scrapes a shell and plies bright wings, the insipid blackberry rots in the hedges; and the game of *boules* hazarded everywhere in squares and on gravelly pavements, and the slim grey cats, and the bellying girls, and the easy-going enjoyments of wine and love, and the multitudes of beans, and the shoe-treading bull-frog at night, and the pinging mosquito, and the goblin olive, pallid in sunlight —the sun, the sun, the sun! Oh, any fag of journeying is nothing to its blazing refreshment. After ten years of home-keeping, I re-discovered not so much Provence, as travel. My crystals—to come back to those—and not only mine but any pent-up traveller's—were shattered at every moment and every halt: to have nurtured them, to smash them, to enjoy far less and far more, must be the common experience of all who retrace their steps.

Among the places I enjoyed more, insidiously more, so that I could imagine living in an alternation between the two, were Arles and Aix with their surrounding landscapes. Each boasts its patron artist who, to the world at large, has brought more benefits than any saint. Or rather one decently boasts, while the other grudges. It is odd how even to-day Arles should persist in dishonouring Van Gogh: no painting or sketch of his will be found there, no commemoration plaque or street-name. Odd, but not uncharacteristic perhaps, of either town or man. He was, no doubt, like many a furiously loving saint, dislikeable; and Arles is crabbed, knotted, resentful as a sun-struck camel. It spits back the sunlight. Heat pours down on those rivers of tiles, or starts an incandescence in the wriggling cracks that are streets; over all, like a volcanic crater, rises the arena with other giant fragments of antiquity at its base. It is strangely beautiful, but hurtful, this dazzle of Arles. It hurt Van Gogh. After a while the tourist flees out into that countryside of torrid earth, canal and cypress screen, known to us from the world's art galleries.

And Aix is the opposite in all ways: gentle, cool, tall, exquisite, with an eighteenth-century grace—indeed, the most graceful town of all France. Under the same sun, and even some twelve miles nearer the equator, the glare is filtered through plane-leaves, stone subdues it, it is refracted by a hundred fountains, arches, and passageways, so that wandering in this demi-shade one seems to be accompanied by invisible footmen holding high umbrellas. Think of a Cézanne painting—almost any will do, apples or mountain-side—of its rich but subdued colours: they have an indoors light, the very light of that Aix in which the painter walked.

It was in the green-vaulted Cours Mirabeau, where cafés and caryatids and fountains join, and everyone passes on this or the other pavement, that I first noticed the plane-leaves falling. Irresistibly though unhurriedly they detached themselves, to sink with an idle see-saw motion to the ground. I watched one, then another.

Next morning there was quite a bordering of these leaves in the gutters. A thin, bright-eyed confectioner shaking a rug outside the open jewel-case of her window, saw them, and in her "Oh, la, la!" there was quaint dismay. Then she caught my eye and smiled. "How long will all this last?" I inquired, meaning the blue days. "Till Christmas perhaps," she said.

Now my calendar began to travel in reverse—only too quickly: with the last traveller's cheque cashed and a sense of time running out, I set my nose towards home. The Côte d'Or was turning gold; at Dijon bouncing chestnuts disturbed the late summer stillness of the park; Paris had its sweepers at work early about the Tuileries, and the quays were papered with leaves—brown leaves underfoot, yellow and of the printed kind in booktrays along the wall. I reached London as I had left it, in a cold wet greyness, and a habit of brisk resignation, proper to the place, began to take possession.

For, here, the days were even loping ahead. Oxford Street confronted me, in mid-November, with a twenty-foot Father Christmas, and his new pal, Uncle Holly, smiled terribly.

G. W. STONIER

ON RE-READING ALICE

Were we not credulous to take for fact
that nonsense country where sad beasts and pasteboard
kings come and go like smiles; yet not suspect
that we might happen in it here and now
without the sudden pitfall of surprise?
(Our other heroes brandished lives of logic
and never, one supposes, closed their eyes
to wake next morning in the labyrinth.)

Behind this looking glass is quite obscured
our hither journey: we shall never know
if it was in a single night of magic
or like the change of seasons, month by month.

PETER WEITZMAN

The Arts and Entertainment

THEATRE AND STATE

THE fuss which is being made at the moment about *A Streetcar Named Desire* is typical of the kind of fusses we must expect more and more of as the relations between the State and Art become closer and closer. Of course it is right that Members of Parliament should be vigilant where public money is concerned, as it is in this case. *A Streetcar Named Desire* is produced by a non-profit-making company (Tennent Productions, Ltd.) formed to comply with the conditions which are laid down in the Finance Act, 1946; and thereby the company's productions are exempt from Entertainment Tax (this remission of Entertainment Tax is the whole extent of the Company's State Aid). But vigilance is one thing, censorship is another; and those who care about the future of the theatre must be equally vigilant to make sure that moralistic busybodies are not interfering with its development on the strength of its relations with the State.

What appears to have happened in the case of *A Streetcar* is that certain individuals find this play repugnant on moral (or artistic) grounds. They observe that it is packing in the crowds, as they think for the wrong reasons. A public disgrace, they cry. Here is a play which doesn't need support and doesn't deserve it either, exempt from Entertainment Tax—State subsidised!—when this and that and the other excellent ventures which they know of are dying for lack of support.

But the situation is not really as simple as that. The merits of *A Streetcar* I will postpone discussing for the moment because it is not on the individual merits of the play that the exemption of tax was in the first place granted; nor do its merits affect the important principle involved. When it was first agreed that tax exemption was to be granted for live performances of certain plays, the question must naturally have arisen who was to decide which plays should qualify. Comparatively easy—but only comparatively—to make some kind of rough decision as to what are classics and to exempt only them: but an art lives by its living practitioners and it is no good waiting until playwrights are dead to encourage them. Yet the question remained, who at the Board of Customs and Excise or who answerable to a department, could be expected to decide such questions as which among modern playwrights deserved this form of indirect State support and which not. To endow any one individual or any committee (as was at one time done) with powers of that kind would be to fall into the obvious trap in the relations between Art and the State—creating dictators of Taste. Instead, by the wise intervention of the League of Dramatists, an admirable and typically English compromise was stumbled upon. Companies "not established or conducted for profit" and whose "aims, objects and activities" are partly educational are exempted from entertainment tax, once they have satisfied the Board of their bona fides, and are given a free run. Not tied down in advance to a specific programme, approved item by item, they are free to do their best, which means that they are also free to experiment. *And freedom to experiment is the absolutely essential condition for the development of any art.* By allowing companies this latitude the Chancellor and the Board of Customs and Excise show a fine understanding of the needs of art.

H. M. Tennent's, Ltd., one of the leading commercial producing firms, have taken advantage of this arrangement. They have formed three non-profit-making subsidiary companies: Tennent Plays, Ltd. (now wound up), Tennent Productions, which succeeded that company, and The Company of Four, which produces at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and the best of whose productions are taken on into the West End by Tennent Productions. Among all the plays put on by this group, some are financial failures, some financial successes. But since profits, instead of passing to shareholders, return to the pool, the successes pay for the failures and new ventures. The first of these, Tennent Plays, produced during the war among other things equally distinguished the famous John Gielgud seasons, *A Month in the Country, The Skin of Our Teeth, They Came To A City, Crime and Punishment*, a splendid list which can be criticised only for being too unadventurous. Re-formed in 1947 as Tennent Productions, they have produced in two years another list of eighteen plays which is much less "safe." It contains less classics. It contains several items very much more impugnable on the score of not being "art" than *A Streetcar*, which it also includes. I will give the list in full. *Deep Are The Roots, The Eagle Has Two Heads, Lady Windermere's Fan, Tuppence Coloured, Dark Summer, Macbeth, The Relapse, All My Sons, The Glass Menagerie, Crime Passionel, Medea, September Tide, The Return of the Prodigal, Oranges and Lemons, The Heiress, The Lady's Not For Burning, Dark of the Moon, Death of a Salesman, Love in Albania, Treasure Hunt, A Streetcar Named Desire, The Seagull.* Anyone reading that list will notice individual plays on it which he thinks should not have been chosen (and I think it is the business of critics to watch these lists and criticise them as a whole). But, equally, anyone fairminded will also see that it is a very honourable list. Apart from classics it gives us a chance of seeing too contemporary French dramatists, Sartre and Cocteau, three young English dramatists, Peter Ustinov, Christopher Fry and Wynyard Brown, and two young Americans, Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. Meanwhile at the Lyric, Hammersmith, The Company of Four have been trying out plays and productions of merit since 1945. They have put on a long list, which includes some twenty new British plays, including three Sean O'Caseys. Again I should criticise their choice on many occasions; but I should not criticise the good intentions of a programme which includes, besides the new British plays: *The Seagull, Let's Make An Opera, Captain Brassbound's Conversion, Dandy Dick, Pygmalion, Caste, The Brothers Karamazov* and *The Trojan Women.*

This record should make it easy to decide on the merits of the Tennent's non-profit-making companies. They are to be judged on their list as a list and on the way they have used the freedom granted them. As for *A Streetcar*, the fact that it makes money is far from being a reason for excluding it. Other productions on the list have failed to do so: this helps to pay for them. The Tennent companies are so managed that as a whole they need no more support than the exemption from Entertainment Tax gives them. Financial failure is not an absolute condition of "good" plays. But is *A Streetcar* a "good" play? The important point here, I think, is that even if it were a thoroughly bad play that would still not constitute a case against the producers. Mistakes of judgment are bound to be made by any set of people who are not playing absolutely safe. Playing safe is the prime danger in all State organisations; in art, it is fatal. Mistakes, one might almost say, *should* be made, for they reveal at work the kind of courage which might have the chance of recognising, say, a new *Ghosts* (which, as we know, half the critics and many Members of Parliament would condemn as immoral).

My own complaint against Tennent Productions and The Company of Four is that they are not bold enough. But it is not for this reason that their choice of *A Streetcar* has now been picked on for the attack. Mr. Tennessee Williams, the author, is considered by many leading critics in America to be one of the brightest hopes of the American theatre. Art is international, and it is one of the duties of the non-profit-making companies to let us see what is done in other countries than our own. For America Mr. Tennessee Williams is an obvious choice. Personally, I don't happen to think so highly of him as others do, but I am very grateful for the

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What fun and how gratifying it is to be opening large batches of envelopes, with every post, containing FIVE SHILLING Christmas Gift Subscriptions from readers which will send a weekly copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for SIX MONTHS to friends in all parts of the world. In pre-war years our offer never got really going until mid-December, and we often received nearly as many Gift Subscriptions for the New Year as for Christmas.

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chance of making up my own mind. As for the implication that *A Streetcar* is pornographic, nothing is further from the truth; and only one of those notorious puritan cycles that we are doomed to endure every so often, could account for anyone believing it to be so. I could only pity anyone who had to rely for his sexual stimulation on this play. Certainly it is violent, and certainly one of its themes is crude sex. But it would take a very starved imagination to work up much direct excitement from a visit. It is played sincerely and seriously. Certain sections of the audience, who have evidently been told that it is "dirt," try their hardest to find some. They make the task of the actors difficult at times, but I am afraid that they have, from their point of view, a barren evening.

One word finally to clear up some of the confusion about the position of the Arts Council in this particular fuss. "Tennent Productions in association with the Arts Council," you may read on the top of your programme. What exactly does this mean? It does *not* mean that the Arts Council have any financial interest whatsoever in Tennent Productions, Ltd. Nor is the association with the Arts Council the reason for the exemption from Entertainment Tax. Association with the Arts Council is only granted to a theatre company *after* it has been accepted by the Board of Customs and Excise as non-profit-making and pursuing partly educational aims, etc., within the meaning of the Act. Once that has been done the Arts Council is prepared to take a company into association, provided that it, too, approves of its objects and of the way it is carrying them out. Association in this case means, in effect, little more than the giving of this approval.

T. C. WORSLEY

TELEVISION NOTES

One of the accomplishments which is being mastered at Alexandra Palace is the art of demonstration. It is practised nowadays on several levels, from the alphabet of dressmaking to the anatomy of the orchestra. In the last month the nimble eye of the camera has disclosed to me many examples of how things are made and how things work. My response to these revelations has, naturally, been variable. At sessions of the Inventors Club I have respectfully admired the mechanical cunning which so many homely citizens devote to devising gadgets, and I confess that those I have most admired have been the ones which reflect, not the incentive of commercial gain, but the pure and selfless pursuit of a captivating hobby. The enigma of perpetual motion, I am glad to see, continues to fascinate many of the amateur inventors who modestly display their dreams on the screen. There are still Time Machines trundling along the Golden Road to Samarkand.

If television has failed, surprisingly, so far to discover ways of demonstrating the motives and make-up of the visual arts it has, on the other hand, succeeded in at least three other fields. In *Ballet for Beginners*, for example, Philip Bate has produced a series of absorbing slow motion illustrations of the techniques and conventions of ballet, with apt marginal comments by David Paltenghi—who must, however, learn to memorise his patter instead of cribbing from the script. (This bare-faced reading from the book of words continues to be one of the major blemishes of televised productions.) In *Matters of Life and Death* we are taken into that world of test tubes and retorts which affords such natural scope for the camera and, as we watch the procedures whereby insulin or penicillin are manufactured, pick up a working knowledge of some of the processes of science. But the most brilliant of all recent demonstrations have been those performed, with such *éclat* and perception, by Sir Malcolm Sargent in *Meet the Orchestra*. In four instalments he has analysed the evolution and composition of the symphony orchestra with a skill which invites (and possibly defeats) comparison with that other great music master, Walford Davies. There is considerable wit, as well as knowledge in his teaching. He can sit down at the piano to reveal, in mime or in miniature, some essential detail about the functioning of strings or wind and, having vividly made his point, mount the podium and illustrate the thing-as-a-whole. These four half-hours have been so invigorating that one hopes the B.B.C. will next persuade Sir Malcolm to give us a longer course in music-recognition.

The most ambitious dramatic venture lately attempted was Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, an audacious but discerning choice for television. It is not, of course, a play for the bairns, and so that persuasive announcer Macdonald Hobley was put up to warn us that the children should now leave the parlour to go to bed. Let us hope they will grow up, in due course, to see such a magnificent production as this. Stephen Harrison reduced the play, in his adaptation, to the right dimensions, and lost no opportunity to magnify its intensity into close-up scenes and friezes of horror which were fired, so to speak, right into the whites of our eyes. The result was a tremendously vital, if scarifying, production acted without compromise by Irene Worth, David King-Wood, William Devlin and Elwyn Brook-Jones.

The ubiquitous J. B. Priestley demonstrated an inventive line in *Whitehall Wonders* last week. This hilarious fairy-tale of bureaucrats beset by witchcraft came across with immense gusto, and I hope it will be given an early repeat, if only for the benefit of the potential five million new viewers who arrive on the scene this week-end when Sutton Coldfield opens up. We who have suffered the teething-troubles of television entertainment can wish them nothing less diverting than Priestley cutting fantastic capers about our betters. *Whitehall Wonders* is the funniest piece television has yet achieved.

W. E. WILLIAMS

THE MOVIES

"The Reckless Moment," at the Odeon
"East of the Rising Sun," at the Empire
"Hounded," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

Three shockers. *The Reckless Moment*, taking a realistic view of blackmail, sets out to be something more, and for a long while succeeds; how eagerly we lap up the blackmailer's intrusion into a busy family life. He would, of course, holding letters that seem to implicate the daughter with murder, call between tea and dinner, a good time for finding his victim in. She (the girl's mother) tries to treat him as though he were something between an undertaker's tout and a purveyor of dirty postcards; but patiently, bending under a lamp, the man goes on taking letters from their envelopes to read the salient bits. He pauses while the son, back from school, crosses to the staircase in the corner. He states his price; it runs into thousands. Then the father-in-law blunders in, takes a fancy to him, and wants him to stay to dinner—an invitation delicately refused. However, this new friend of the family has established himself dreadfully, without fuss. When, next day, the mother goes shopping, she will take all her jewels to a pawnbroker; and that's only the beginning.

Miss Joan Bennett, intensely domestic and worried, with dark glasses out of doors, is the mother. The man is Mr. James Mason, and his mixture of grim good looks, shabby insistence and a certain sentimental consideration for his victim, promise an arresting figure indeed. But then, as we are assuring ourselves that just so would the tender blackmailer get to work, greedily attentive—

> With sobs and sighs he sorted out
> Those of the larger size,
> Holding a pocket-handkerchief
> Before his streaming eyes.

—at this moment of thrilling revelation the film loses its nerve and does its very best to persuade us that oyster-feasts aren't oyster-feasts, and that solicitous blackmail can turn to pure self-sacrifice: Mr. Mason, in fact, is made to fall romantically in love with Miss Bennett, and die on her behalf. Being Mr. Mason he does it, needless to say, very prettily. But what has come to the realistic resolutions with which we set out, to the signal discovery that nightmare begins at home? Not all the directive skill and subtlety of Max Opuls can bring to life so disastrous, if rosy, a change. The trouble is, I suppose, that Mr. Mason must have his halo, as Dietrich her silky knees and Woolley his beard, and most people will go to the film for that and nothing else. *The Reckless Moment* ends along conventional thriller lines, having attained a distinction which its collapse of seriousness does not wholly wipe out.

East of the Rising Sun and *Hounded* are thrillers and no mistake. Both deal with events more world-shaking than Pearl Harbour, and in both it is the gaolbird who defeats the enemy. Mr. Spencer Tracy (quite his jolly old self, by the way) is lugged out of Alcatraz to go to Malaya and whisk rubber from under the Japs' noses; Mr. Greenstreet is there with a café and a parakeet, Miss Valentina Cortesa sings the husky songs, and both, we may think, deserve better fates; and Mr. James Stewart, the source of the whole venture, looks suspiciously at door-knockers and (considering he's supposed to be disguised as an Irish sailor) even more suspiciously like himself. The issue of it all is that they get the rubber and win the war.

The Jap menace in *Hounded* presents itself rather less pellucidly as a faked currency with which the internal stability of America has been threatened. The sleek hotel florist (Mr. George Raft—who else?) has done his stretch and will save his country, as only a crook can. Immediately he must go to that Caribbean isle, and there he will find—what? Motor-boats and a slinky puss? Of course! A host to meet him with bow and arrow in the drawing-room? Naturally! But how, having cleared up the currency problem, does he run a gauntlet of silver-tipped arrows from the scrub to the jetty? Someone gives the bowman a shove over the cliff just in time? Better and better! And the only disconcerting thing about the whole affair is the director's name: Ted Tetzlaff, whose last effort was that good little child-study, *The Window*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Bonaventure," at the Vaudeville

The setting is a convent on a high hill near Norwich, and there's rather more than a touch of Ibsenish poetry about it. Gothic windows and nuns' cornets might seem to promise a remote and dismal sort of realism, but perpetual bells and spiritual trials keep the sisters lively; and anyone who still wanted to yawn would soon find himself caught up by the stories of wild weather outside, floods breaking dykes, roads blotted out, and villagers making towards the convent for refuge. The sisters are rising with the floods to the occasion. The first to arrive are a police officer, a wardress, and a young woman under their charge whom they are taking from London to a condemned cell in Norwich. For several minutes on the stage we don't realise what they are, we only feel that something is wrong, and these stage-minutes have mounting excitement and mystery. The disclosure is the high moment of the play. Here a sisterhood, active in good works, ready at all times with love and onion soup, are confronted, it seems, with a convicted murderess. The intelligent, emotional seriousness of the author (rare and restful), supported by first-rate acting, seems to presage noble developments. But now Miss Hastings deserts our bolder hopes. Drama becomes detection. Sister Mary Bonaventure (Fay Compton) who has had doubts and seeks a sign, convinces herself that the girl (Mary Kerridge) is innocent and two acts are spent convincing everyone else. It's reasonably interesting, it engages one's fairly obvious desire that the girl should get off, and in two or three scenes Miss Hastings is again at her own rather notable best. But response is troubled because she has confused the emotional appeal of her play. It all goes a little septic, and cliché-emotions, hitherto unfelt, begin to throb through the dialogue. What a dangerous thing playing safe is! Mary Kerridge is wonderful in her

Alice in Newfoundland

Thousands of square miles of snowclad Christmas trees! Lit with the logic of Lewis Carroll's imagination, a Christmas fairyland for the children of the world. Strange to think that the Christmas tree, now so inevitably part of the festive season, was unknown in Britain until Queen Victoria's reign. Then, introduced by the Prince Consort, they marked the revival of the Christmas spirit in the home. For Cromwell's parliament had forbidden by law the Christmas carousals that had been a feature of the Middle Ages. Then, too, it was a tree that symbolized the season — the bringing in of the Yule Log signalizing the beginning of festivities that lasted until Twelfth Night. Trees have always had a peculiar significance in human life, from primitive man's belief that trees had perceptions and passions, to the holy trees of the East. But the significance of trees to mankind has never been greater than today, in this first age of widespread literacy; for from forests such as those behind Bowaters mills in Canada and Scandinavia comes the paper on which are printed the great newspapers and the books of the world.

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part, Fay Compton never allows one to slacken sympathy or interest; Mary Marvin's wardress leaves a grim civilised shadow.

Friedrich Gulda, at the Wigmore Hall

A young Austrian pianist, Friedrich Gulda, gave his first London recital at the Wigmore Hall on Friday, Dec. 9. He chose a well varied programme extending from Bach to Prokofief but omitting the riper romantics and (with one exception) the vehicles for mere display. He is an artist of great promise. Of his technical accomplishment there is no doubt; rarer to-day and more important, he concentrates firmly on the music. At present his powers of interpretation are limited, but they will doubtless expand. He was most successful in Bach's Toccata in C minor, in which intellectual command was supported by a nice gradation of tone and colour, and Beethoven's sonata in C sharp minor, whose passionate finale was made, as it should be, the centre of gravity of the whole work. But there can be no excuse for printing in the programme only the unauthentic title, without key or opus number. Bach's Toccata survives translation into terms of the modern grand piano better than Mozart's delightful but wholly intimate sonata in D major (K.576—another identification which the programme should have supplied). Some of Mozart's poetry, always an elusive quality, escaped between the notes of this performance. So did the rapt detachment of Debussy's *La Cathédrale Engloutie*, which was presented far too massively. It remained a cathedral, but the water level was sadly low. The pianist did ample justice to Prokofief's seventh sonata, where some amiable music is confined between the bounds of flatulence on the one side and pastiche on the other, and the extraneous virtuosity of *Feux d'artifice*, whose only flash of poetry comes as an afterthought at the very end.

"La Jeune Peinture Française", at the Leicester Galleries

The four leading members of the younger generation of the school of Paris—Pignon, Borès, Tal Coat and Tailleux—are actually aged 44, 53, 44 and 36 respectively. Hardly sufficiently compact to be called a "group," these four (and others) nevertheless share a centre position between the more numerous abstract painters (Magnelli, Soulages, Bazaine for instance) and the much smaller group of figurative painters—Venard, Buffet, Dayez, Pignon and Minaux. What will doubtless strike visitors to this four-man-show is the freedom with which, as successors of Matisse, these artists use strong pure colour; and the boldness with which, as successors of Picasso, they design their pictures—to say nothing of the unfailing fluency displayed in the execution of their works. They have inherited a tradition. Eclectic they certainly are—Matisse and Picasso are visible in Pignon and Borès, and Bonnard and Braque, alternating, in Tailleux, Tal Coat is less derivative and also less interesting than the others in these later and more abstract works of his. Wonderful taste and a very thorough awareness of the possibilities of the medium are what most significantly distinguish these painters from so many of our own.

"The Crooked Billet", at the Bedford

The choice of *The Crooked Billet* for revival might have seemed less perverse if the cast had shown any ability to lend some degree of conviction to this fustian about moronic gangsters and futile amateur sleuths borrowed from the Schoolboys' Annual, or if the direction had not been too bad to be true. This is not the whole point. If the Bedford's potential audiences want the stuff of celluloid they can find it—slicker, cheaper and more comfortably—in the Gaumont round the corner. Miss Nye and Mr. Penrose had a promising chance to make their theatre a place where the stage had some connection with life—the real life of Camden Town or Central Park West, not of Elstree or Hollywood. Were that their aim, they would be entitled to forgiveness for many bad shots; and nobody would demand of them complete unconcern for the box office. But the selection of this excruciatingly stupid play suggests that the sights at the Bedford are being lowered to the West End's worst. It is a pity: bad theatre debases taste as fatally as bad films. And it is even more embarrassingly boring.

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Correspondence

ROLE OF THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—In your "Comments" of November 26 on the "Role of the Universities" as presented in the *Universities Quarterly*, you say that Professor Oliphant, in his alarm at the confusion of scientific and technical education, holds *rightly* that courses in sewage disposal, petroleum production, brewing, tanning of leather, etc., must be replaced by a thorough training in modern mathematics. The 'Comments" then go on to say that "such subjects are all right in their place but their place is the Technical College."

We wish to challenge your word "rightly." Surely, there are at least two other fundamental sciences—physics and chemistry—which are both related to the courses referred to. We also claim that these subjects can be as soundly taught by concrete examples through the Applied Sciences when presented at a certain level of development in the courses mentioned, provided the fundamental groundwork has been well laid. These unusual suggestions seem to be coming mainly from physicists, and it should be pointed out that the training of a physicist is dominated by mathematics. This is especially true of atomic physics. Althought atomic physics looms large in the present day scientific sky it is by no means the only expression of applied science in modern society.

The "truly learned" of society today include in their education not only knowledge of the Arts and Sciences but an appreciation of the Technologies to some degree. The latter section of education and training is responsible for all the products of organised society, included in which is modern locomotion, communication, sanitation, health, etc., and the education and training of the personnel responsible for the design and production of these products is of fundamental importance. Not only is it of fundamental importance in relation to the articles produced and their contribution to our creature comforts, but also in relation to their use in society for maintaining and advancing the ethical standards of society. Anyone who attempts to segregate technology from other forms of education given in a University is doing his age and generation a great disservice, always provided the standard of technological education is taken at University level—which it is in so many of the established Applied Sciences.

Society as a whole is not made up of segregated activities, it is a unity of human endeavour and human reactions, which is only comprehended and appreciated by human beings. Whatever the individual profession or calling, each has its reaction upon the rest of the human family, and therefore the full awareness each of the other is an essential for a sound and healthy society. The more closely integrated educational activities can be made, the more rounded and effective the individual influenced by them will be in his service to the Community.

Faculty of Technology,
University of Leeds.

R. H. EVANS
G. W. CARTER
S. G. RICHARDSON

"MUTUALISATION"

SIR,—If Insurance is to be "mutualised" it is vital that, just as there is at present public access to the names and addresses of shareholders, the names and addresses of policy holders should be readily accessible.

As matters stand, it is most difficult for policy holders to influence, let alone exercise any control over, the action of directors of a Mutual Life Assurance Company because they have no easy means of getting into touch with one another.

In most cases it may be unnecessary, but the mere existence of such facilities would reduce the risk of such ills as nepotism.

STANLEY UNWIN

40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

AFRICAANS

SIR,—The celebration this year of Dingaan's Day will be memorable, for the huge Voortrekker Monument at Pretoria is to be declared open by Dr. Malan, in the presence of some 200,000 people.

The festivities are to last four days and will include historical tableaux, films, plays, torch-light processions; and church bells will ring all over South Africa. It is essentially a Boer celebration, and it seems quite fitting that the language used for the inauguration should be Afrikaans, as has been decided.

Vituperative articles, however, denouncing this decision, are appearing in papers all over the world, on the grounds that Afrikaans is the world's most horrible language, and indeed not even a language at all but "the uncouth patois of an uncouth people."

In 1929, however, Sir Thomas Holland visited South Africa as president of the British Association, and thought the language worth learning and, indeed, became so interested in it that he said in his foreword to the Haarhoff lectures:—

> Afrikaans has survived the criticism of the Dutch highbrow, the indifference of the English immigrant—one almost wishes Afrikaans could be made a compulsory part of the degree course in English Literature.

Afrikaans is the spoken and written language of about 60 per cent. of the White population of South Africa. It was always the spoken language, at any rate from about the middle of the eighteenth century, although in 1806, when the Cape passed into the hands of the English, attempts were made to Anglicise the White population by forbidding the Afrikaans language in school and law courts.

In 1875 a society formed for the promotion of Afrikaans was ridiculed by both English and Dutch. Children spoke Afrikaans at home but were punished for using it in school. The Boer war, however, gave it a new vitality. The conquered Boers doubtless felt that all that remained to them was their mother tongue. In families where before the war both Afrikaans and English were spoken, Afrikaans was now insisted on.

In 1910, the Act of Union recognised bi-lingualism in South Africa. In 1914 Afrikaans was recognised in schools, and, for the first time in the history of South Africa, Afrikaans-speaking children were taught through the medium of their mother tongue.

That Afrikaans is now associated with inter-racial strife and has assumed political significance is partly due to the fact that ill-informed persons, knowing little about the language, deride it as uncouth and a patois, and that while to-day almost every South African of Boer origin is fluent in both languages (which is as it should be in a bi-lingual country), many English South Africans do not trouble to learn Afrikaans and treat it with contempt.

W. DE KOK

TRUSTEESHIP

SIR,—While agreeing with much that H. N. Brailsford has to say on the question of the United Nations and the Mandated territories, I do not believe that his attack on the British representative on the Trusteeship Committee in voting against the appearance of the Rev. Michael Scott before that Committee is warranted.

However much may be said in support of Mr. Scott's case, if such actions were to be encouraged, then there would be no end to the number of individuals flocking to Lake Success to air their views against Member States.

Although it is desirable that the views of a minority should always be expressed on any particular question, the United Nations Organisation as it stands at present is totally incapable of hearing individual opinions. Perhaps in the not-too-distant future, a special court will be established to which minorities throughout the world can appeal.

Croft House, Watford. MICHAEL IRWIN

TEACHERS' SALARIES

SIR,—Your letter from Mr. W. Ivor Adams provokes an immediate explanation.

The word "teacher," as referred to in the recent salary claims, embraces at least six different groups of people, viz., those who lecture at technical colleges (as singled out by the Fercy Committee Report for closer association with the Universities); those lecturing at the remaining technical colleges; those teaching in grammar or secondary modern schools; those at arts and craft and trade institutions; the elementary school teachers; and the emergency trained teachers. In the mind of the public, these are reduced to the lowest common denominator, the last of the above list.

The recent claim of an increase of £150 to the basic salary was completely unjustified since the present scale is suitable for the elementary and emergency trained teachers. What is urgently wanted instead (and the Burnham Committee would not even discuss this claim) is a large increase in the meagre training and qualification allowances already granted to the more highly skilled "teacher." For example, the graduate allowance should be more than trebled.

What other profession would allow itself and its principal union to become diluted with insufficiently trained people and then be forced to accept a pitiful remuneration as a result of it? The medical profession, perhaps?

With reference to Mr. Adams's remarks about a strike, if there existed a National Union of Professional Teachers, upholding a high standing for the profession, it would have threatened to strike long ago. If the emergency trained teachers were to strike, retired gentlefolk would instantly fill the gap ("Any one can teach") and they would be as useful as the strikers. B.Sc.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—After ten years' working with children of all types, without recourse to punishment, we should like to comment on Praefectus' well-meaning attempts to deal with bullying and hooliganism.

Doesn't he find that it is the same boys who get caned again and again? The bully still wants to get his own back on someone else and becomes an even greater menace out of school hours and when he has grown up.

The alternative to corporal punishment is not to appeal to a better nature or to administer impositions and detention, but a system of government of the school by genuine Meetings of the boys and staff. Such Meetings could (a) make the bullies feel the displeasure of the school community and perhaps unravel the motives which drive them on. This in itself may be a cure. (b) Organise the school's lessons and activities in such a way that the bullies' and everyone elses' needs are more nearly satisfied, (c) Share responsibility for the well-being of the community, which at present seems to have been unfairly thrust upon Praefectus by his "superiors."

ANTHONY WEAVER, in charge of the school.
WILLIAM MALCOLM, Warden of the Hostel.
Alresford Place, Old Alresford, Hants.

SIR,—Has not Praefectus got hold of the wrong end of the stick? In the sombre picture he gives of life in a provincial grammar school, is it not possible that bullying exists largely because corporal punishment is an accepted sanction? Is he not himself using, or advocating the use of, the very violence he rightly condemns in others? The principle of "you hit him and I shall hit you" leads not only to the reply "you hit me and I shall take it out on him later," but to the acceptance, at a time when character is largely formed, of force as the final arbiter. That, surely, should not be one of the results of modern education.

The motives of Praefectus are not, of course, in question; to bullying there must be put an end; but can no experiment be made with different means to that end?

Incidentally, the apparent fear on the one hand and possible embarrassment on the other which, by their own admission, have led both D. M. R. and Praefectus to seek anonymity in your columns perhaps give a pointer to the atmosphere in which this subject seems surrounded.

34 Bruton Place, W.1. LAURENCE FITCH

SIR,—May I make one or two comments on the letter from "Praefectus" in your issue of December 10th?

Praefectus criticises an earlier correspondent, D. M. R., because coming from one of our Public boarding schools he "shows himself quite unaware of the disciplinary problems in schools lacking the continuous tradition and general tone of the great

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Public Schools." I was, until recently, a Prefect in a comparatively new Grammar School in South London which like that of Praefectus is grossly overcrowded and which because it is so new, has not yet, I suppose, built up any sort of "continuous tradition"—though I would maintain, in so far as I understand the phrase, that it does possess "general tone." Yet, with its lack of tradition it never seemed to me that we were ever faced with situations in which we yearned for the right (which we did not have) to inflict corporal punishment. I certainly don't think this was due to any special saintliness in the members of the School. Rather, I would attribute it to the fact that, denied the right to beat the boys, we were compelled to maintain order and assist in the smooth running of the School by the qualities we ourselves possessed. In some cases Prefects were found to lack the strength of character needed to manage the unruly boy who, to quote Praefectus is "completely and arrantly scornful of the elementary principles of decent conduct," but they were few because obviously in a School where Prefects may not use the cane the qualifications needed to be a Prefect are rather more stiff than in a School where after failure a Master or Prefect can still fall back on what A. S. Neill describes as "an ancient barbaric code."

To my mind though the real point, which Praefectus and all who share his views so consistently ignore in favour of the question of "expedience," is that, for one human being to inflict pain and suffering on another regardless of whether it is a manifestation of failure, frustration or deliberate malice, is morally wrong and indefensible. As Neill so rightly says hate must breed hate and "rationalise it how we may, thrashing is hate writ large, *and every beaten child knows it*" (My italics).

ANTHONY EVANS

Lower Barn, West Hoathly, Sussex.

SCOTTISH COVENANT

SIR,—Neil McCallum, in his otherwise excellent article on the Covenant, makes the strange remark that, even a year ago, the Scottish Communists could not have foreseen their party's support for Home Rule. This is going against all the evidence. Can it be that Mr. McCallum does not know that, when Convention summoned the first Scottish National Assembly in March, 1947, Willie Gallacher appeared with the platform party, and made a speech in which he warmly supported the campaign for Home Rule?

Nor was this action of Mr. Gallacher's—as Mr. Woodburn would no doubt like us to believe—some new-fangled diabolical manoeuvre, and another in the series of famous "somersaults." It was fully consistent with the declared policy of the Communist Party, and with the great Scottish radical tradition itself.

As Hugh MacDiarmid has recently pointed out, the Socialist pioneers in Scotland were with very few exceptions revolutionary and republican; in England, on the other hand, the movement has always tended to be constitutional and monarchical. Witness the militancy of the Scottish Chartists as compared to their English counterparts; witness, too, the political consciousness of the Highland Land Leaguers who fought the Battle of the Braes. The Strathaven rebels of 1820 carried a banner: "Scotland Free or a Desert."

When one remembers, furthermore, that both Keir Hardie and John Maclean were Scottish Home Rulers, it becomes clear that the Communist Party is merely continuing a century-old tradition of Scottish Socialism—a tradition which the Labour Party has now officially jettisoned.

HAMISH HENDERSON

International House,
Castle Street, Edinburgh.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

SIR,—I am about to do a dangerous thing: to write about an article in which my brother has been guyed by one of our young writers of to-day: and it is the more dangerous that I am not even an amateur writer.

Of course and inevitably Mr. Romilly's account of the D.N.B.'s supplement for 1930–41 reflects contemporary reaction to an immediately passed generation; indeed if this volume of recent lives had been handed to any group of honours students in Literature, and the title of an essay "Age of confidence" given, very similar results would have appeared. One can imagine the same thing happening with Mr. Eliot in twenty years' time: with what joyful shouts the Waste Land will be quoted, its portentous erudition, its "shocking" squalor and its apparatus of notes: and how poor Mr. Eliot will suffer from those ardent but injudicious commentators, the Matthiessens, Gardners, etc. These future detractors will have their say, but Mr. Eliot's poetry will emerge.

My mild complaint is that Mr. Romilly has guyed my brother not on account of what he wrote or because of contemporary praise, but for a recent biographer's estimate. Who is responsible for the Life I don't know, nor have I read it; but I do not think the phrase "omnipotent divine spirit embodying the law of ideal beauty," which has stuck in Mr. Romilly's gullet, is a valid description of the "proclaimed faith" of a man who wrote Ham and Egg Parade, Phoenix, Witchcraft New Style, the Adder and similar poems, and plays. There is no easy confidence there.

And it is amusing to remember that my brother was at pains to explode the similar charge against Browning of a futile optimism; but in this case it was based on his own words (quoted out of context) and not on a biographer's estimate. I would ask Mr. Romilly to read my brother's vindication of Browning.

PATRICK ABERCROMBIE

RELIGIOUS BROADCASTING TO SCHOOLS

SIR,—Should it not be an accepted axiom that when religious instruction is given (to children especially) by the B.B.C. it should be openly devotional and uncamouflaged beneath a cloak of specious pseudo-scientific half-truth and sophistry? This morning (Dec. 5th) I listened to a talk for schools in the current "Religion and Philosophy—Four Ways of Knowing God" series given by the chaplain of Downing College, Cambridge, Mr. G. F. Woods, which while being ostensibly informing and educative on the subject of the life and writings of the English divine and mystic William Law seemed to me such a tendentious and facile piece of religious apologetics as to convict the B.B.C. of substituting for education of the young their mental bedevilment. Should it transpire, however, that this series is to be followed by another which will include, say, a short biography and appreciation of the writings of Edward Clodd as well as a brief exposition of the essentials of Logical Positivism, then let me apologise in advance for doing them an injustice!

GEORGE RICHARDS

Blenheim, Mount Pleasant Road, Poole.

LEONARD MEMORIAL

SIR,—Some form of National Memorial has been proposed to commemorate the life work of T. Arthur Leonard, of Wayside, Conway, who died in July, 1948, at the age of 84.

"T. A. L." as he was often known, was regarded as the father of the open-air movement in this country. He was the founder of the Co-operative Holidays Association and of the Holiday Fellowship and played a big part in the inauguration of the Youth Hostels Association, International Tramping Tours and the Grey Court Fellowship. He was prominent in the formation of the National Trust and lent enthusiastic support to the work of such organisations as the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, the Councils for the Preservation of Rural England and Wales, the Standing Committee on National Parks, the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, and many others. He was for many years President of the Ramblers Association and Vice-President of the Pennine Way Association.

The purpose of this letter is to solicit contributions from all who may be interested, which will be gratefully received by the Secretary, J. B. Henderson, at 142, Great North Way, London, N.W.4.

The question of how best to effect our purpose is still under consideration but, pending the result of this national appeal, facilities have been afforded us for appropriate commemoration on well-known sites in North Wales and the Lake District, with which he was intimately associated during his lifetime.

NORFOLK, WOOLTON, CHORLEY, HUGH DALTON, J. W. BOWEN, T. EDMUND HARVEY, NORMAN BIRKETT, W. H. MCKELLEN, H. WESTELL, M. P. LINDSEY, P. J. CLARKE, J. K. WHITEHEAD, J. F. W. RATHBONE

Holiday Fellowship, Ltd.,
Fellowship House,
142 Great North Way,
London, N.W.4.

EVOLUTION

SIR,—I gather that in Dr. Julian Huxley's opinion I was absurd to commend the Oxford Junior Encyclopædia for referring to Evolution as a supposition. He himself refers to it as a fact comparable to the fact of human history, and also as a theory which subsumes the facts. I cannot follow him. He may be evolving the cart into the horse or vice versa. In any case he appears to put out as a matter of fact what is only a question of faith—or at best, though he does not say so, of mystical and, therefore, private knowledge.

As a mere sceptical student of opinion I know that Dr. Huxley's grandfather contended with people who spoke with as much justificaton and rather more lucidity about the fact of Creation. Dr. Huxley's creed is perhaps as unshakable as was Bishop Wilberforce's, but how curiously turned are the tables as between believers and sceptics.

GEOFFREY TAYLOR

Hilton, Ballinteer,
Dundrum, Co. Dublin.

"A.E."

SIR,—I am collecting material for a thesis on the ideals of "A.E." (George William Russell), poet, economist and occultist.

Any information relating to him would be much appreciated.

FRANCIS MERGHANT

38 Broadwater Down,
Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DURING the last years of the war it was the duty of the present writer to attend numerous official conferences, ranging from stately full-dress affairs with spokesmen from other Ministries, virgin blotting paper, newly sharpened pencils and massive cut-glass inkstands, to informal discussions among cracked, discoloured coffee cups. But all of them were remarkably long-drawn, and all apt to provoke a certain degree of nervous irritation. To have something to fiddle with became imperative—something to take the place of the chaplets of amber beads carried by Levantine merchants, something that could be fingered covertly and, while the point of view of the Ministry of Supply was being explained at length, examined surreptitiously. Such an object was presently discovered—a Greek silver coin of the late fifth or early fourth century B.C., an Athenian tetradrachm bearing on the obverse a head of Athena, on the reverse the owl of Athens flanked by crescent moon and olive-sprig.

Since one is seldom content with one's own troubles, however large and noisy, it was a relief, as the gentleman from the Ministry pursued his painfully detailed discourse, to drift off for a moment towards earlier wars and revolutions. The three olive leaves, stuck upright into the rim of Athena's plumed and crested helmet, commemorate the tremendous triumph that, in 490 B.C., her armies scored at Marathon. The features of the goddess herself are, and were long to remain, distinctively archaic. She has the pouting look of contemporary Attic statues, a boldly stylised eye and profile; and one is inclined to ask whether the immense gold-and-ivory image which Pheidias raised in the *cella* of the Parthenon may not have conformed to this same traditional archaic type—a gaudily coloured and somewhat threatening personage, arrayed in heavy jewellery, whose huge features, peering from the dusk of her shrine, were owlish-bright and owlish-fierce. The goddess of wisdom was also a conqueror; and to conquer she continued until the disastrous termination of the Peloponnesian campaigns. Pericles delivered his Funeral Oration in 430 B.C.; and by that time the spiritual qualities he applauded were dwindling and decaying, as "owls" accumulated in the coffers of an imperialist democracy, and even Aristophanes, a champion of antique virtue, appeared to urge his fellow citizens towards fresh commercial enterprise:

> Little Laureotic Owlets shall be always flocking in;
> You shall find them all about you, as the dainty brood increases,
> Building nests within your purses, hatching little silver pieces.

The owl, in whose shape Athena had hovered over the ranks of her heroic troops at Marathon, was now a hated symbol of aggression and cupidity. Athena did not accompany the fleet that set forth, to the sound of flutes, to subdue and plunder Syracuse; and no divine bird flitted over the pestilential quarries where the remnant of the Athenian forces slowly starved and rotted. By 400 B.C., when the owlet that attended official conferences in 1944 and 1945 probably left the Athenian mint, Pericles had been dead for twenty-nine years, the empire had collapsed in ruin, though a democratic constitution had been restored after the downfall of the oligarchs. So much dim memories of an English classical education could evoke, during the intervals of business, from a single lump of silver! Every coin of the ancient world, no matter now small and how insignificant, possesses some historic dignity; and Pope in his *Epistle to Mr. Addison* naturally has the last word:

> Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
> The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust:
> Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
> Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
> Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
> And all her triumphs shrinks into a Coin.
> A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
> Beneath her Palm here sad Judaea weeps;
> Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
> And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
> A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
> And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

Yet these rubbed and polished fragments of antiquity have another and still greater charm. Not only are they delightful to touch—stroked between finger and thumb they reveal a pattern of pleasing irregularities and satisfying knobs and bosses: not only is their weight agreeable, compared with the flimsy and lifeless discs today in circulation; but they frequently incorporate designs of rare æsthetic excellence. There are, for example, many varieties of the Athenian tetradrachm; and, whereas the archaic Athena remains relatively unchanged, the owl on the reverse was often slightly remodelled, growing more slender or more squat, more friendly or more menacing. But the basic design is a splendid achievement, made up of simple conventionalised shapes, combined with an extraordinary sense of proportion and a persuasive sense of drama. For the owl portrayed—*Athene Noctua*—is just about to take off, and has been caught at that memorable instant when a human being sights the bird, and the bird from round unblinking mysterious eyes stares fixedly towards the human being. A second later and it will have spread its wings and sailed silently across the night sky. Meanwhile it is concentrated attention—feathered shanks, compactly folded pinions, circular orbs that seem to glow with an inward phosphorescence. On the left of its irregularly square enclosure are a sprig of Athena's olive and the sliver of her crescent moon: on the right, disposed in superbly decorative fashion, the capital letters *Alpha, Theta, Epsilon*, indicating that this coin is the property of the Athenian commonwealth. It is framed in the rough asymmetrical bulge produced by hasty stamping.

Athenian coins have a solid attraction, and are, incidentally, much less difficult to procure than most of the coinage struck by rival city states; but they do not deserve a place among the chief examples of the Greek designer's genius. Syracuse, for instance, celebrated her defeat of the Athenians by minting some of the finest coins known to the numismatist; and before one of these, according to an expert, an enthusiast recently sank to his knees "in worshipful admiration." The masterpiece that commanded his homage, a particularly exquisite specimen of "Kimon's facing Arethusa tetradrachm," appears on page 98 of Mr. Charles Seltman's fascinating monograph*, a magnificently illustrated book, written with a liveliness of feeling and fancy that soon infects the reader. The Arethusa tetradrachm measures barely more than an inch across; but Mr. Seltman has adopted the commendable practice of showing the coin in its original size, together with a reproduction of a considerably enlarged photograph. Here is a portrait of the goddess-nymph whose grey-green fountain bubbles up on the Syracusan waterfront; her fresh springs mingle with the salt of the sea, and dolphins plunge and weave among the serpentine intricacies of Arethusa's unbound hair. Enlarged five or six times, the representation of the nymph's head is still astonishingly delicate; for, working in fifteenths of an inch and sub-divisions of a centimetre, the artist achieves an effect of depth that gives to every fraction of the design its proper strength and value. The mouth is youthfully sensuous: the eyes are large and alive: and the metallic bulk of the plunging dolphins is in curious contrast to the fine-spun curls of hair by which they are surrounded. The engraver of the die was Kimon, "almost certainly an Athenian," who flourished at the end of the fifth century and is believed to have engraved dies for several different Greek communities. He placed his signature—a sufficient claim to immortal renown—upon Arethusa's head-band.

The names of many other brilliant artists have also been recorded. Mr. Seltman calls them "celators," by which he means men who worked "in precious stones, ivory, gold, silver and bronze" during a period when, as he asserts, "sculpture in stone or marble was a minor art, a craft given into the hands of artisans... In the ancient world, celebrated artists like Pheidias and Polykleitos acquired their fame, not as sculptors, but as celators... They did not chip marble, though they may have directed the work of artisans who did." This thesis, which he has previously outlined in his stimulating *Approach to Greek Art*, is exemplified and enlarged on throughout the present volume; and, whatever a scholarly critic may think of its rightness or its wrongness, the general reader will be glad to agree that Phrygillos, Euainetos, Kimon and "The Demareteion Master" were representatives of an exalted tradition and individual men of genius. As one turns Mr. Seltman's illustrations, masterpiece follows masterpiece. An early representation of Arethusa, engraved in 479 B.C., which may perhaps enshrine a likeness of the Syracusan Queen Demarete, with an olive-wreath binding her hair and the dolphins leaping round her, is succeeded by a wonderful profile of Seilenos, the *chef d'oeuvre* of "The Aetna Master": by a second Seilenos, crouching and naked made for the government of Naxos: by an eagle's head struck for an Olympic festival: and by the brace of eagles devouring a hare, possibly a reminiscence of descriptive lines in Aeschylus, with which the Sicilian city of Akragas expressed her pride and love of beauty.

Some interesting works have, of course, been excluded. I am sorry that the author's purism has not permitted him to show coins of the Hellenistic epoch, when the tradition of "celature" had not completely vanished, though, like other branches of Greek art, it was beginning to decline beneath exotic influences. I regret too a small but elegant gold piece executed for Carthage by a vassal Greek artificer, since it demonstrates that the aggressive Carthagians, whose names—Hamilcar, Hasdrubal, Hannibal—clang and reverberate like smitten shields through Greek and Roman history, were by no means wholly insensitive to the civilisations that they conquered; and I could wish that room had been found for an enchanting coin of Gela. That city had a tutelary river-god, a human-headed bull, fitting personification of stormy natural forces, of one of those southern streams which suddenly swells to a bellowing torrent and tumultuously overflows its banks. To the anthropomorphic character of Greek religion, Greek coinage, here and elsewhere, provides a striking testimony. Half-human and half-divine, nymphs and demi-gods had a close connection with the lives of plants and animals.

* *Masterpieces of Greek Coinage*. By Charles Seltman. *Bruno Cassirer*, distributed by *Faber*. 21s.

Gela's river-god is partly a bull; on another coin the Amenanos, which flows through Catana, is a small, loveable, almost pathetic boy. A third stream, young "Celery-River" of the city of Selinos, wears the shape of a graceful athlete sacrificing to the Olympian gods, who, we understand, are as far above him as he is above mortals; while his tributary, the juvenile Hypsas, pours similar libations on a snake-encircled altar. Around Selinos and Hypsas are appropriate beasts and herbs, portrayed with the same unassuming yet unfaltering skill as Arethusa's dolphins; and behind them—imagined but not seen—stretch deep luminous vistas of the Mediterranean landscape. PETER QUENNELL

APPEASEMENT: GERMAN VERSION

Documents on German Foreign Policy 1918-1945. Series D (1937-1945), Volume I: From Neurath to Ribbentrop (September 1937-September 1938). *H.M. Stationery Office.* 21*s.*

The revelations of secret diplomacy provided many sensations after the first German war; by now they have become a habit. The victorious Powers captured most of the German Foreign Office archives, and a team of historians (nine Americans, nine Englishmen, four Frenchmen) have been rummaging in them ever since. The present volume is the first large-scale result of their labours. It is nothing like so startling or entertaining as the fifty-four volumes on diplomacy before the first German war which the Germans published in the inter-war years. Thimme, the editor of those volumes, was a publicist of genius; even though he occasionally rigged the effects for the sake of Germany's good name, he deserved to produce a best-seller. Those volumes, too, had the great attraction of reproducing the marginal notes of Bismarck, Bülow, and William II—a trio who tumbled their way through diplomacy like inspired clowns in a circus. Most of all, these pre-1914 documents gave the impression, well-founded or not, that they revealed genuine decisions: they seemed to determine the fate of nations.

The new series is going to be much duller. The editors are, no doubt, more impartial than Thimme. Their only whim is to treat the Vatican as a Great Power, evidence of Papistical, not of national, bias. But they lack the art of presentation. This ponderous volume of twelve-hundred pages will never qualify as a bedside book; it is too heavy to hold even when wide awake. German diplomats between the wars were more commonplace in mind and clumsier in expression than their predecessors. Perhaps they appreciated that their actions were no longer decisive; at any rate this is obvious to the reader. The German foreign ministry went plodding on its routine way, only to have the wheel wrenched from its hand at the moment of crisis. Neurath and his staff had no more idea than foreign statesmen what Hitler was up to. Nor, for that matter, had Hitler himself. The Austrian crisis and the Far Eastern question, the two main topics of this volume, both illustrate this. Hitler intervened only on a sudden impulse, without plan or preparation. The editors reprint the Hossbach memorandum of November 5, 1937, in which Hitler expounded his aggressive designs. This is evidence that he was a violent and unscrupulous man; it is not evidence that he had any concrete projects, and his prophecy of events bears no relation to what actually happened. For instance Hitler talks of war in the period 1943-1945, though he does not say against whom; rambles about separating France and England, immediately after calling them "hate-inspired antagonists"; lists unlikely possibilities and builds further speculations upon them, altogether a farrago of nonsense.

Nevertheless the volume is of great value for the general picture which can be drawn from it. It confirms the impression from other sources that the first months of 1938 saw the real crisis in the history of Nazi Germany. Until the beginning of 1938 Hitler was still something of a figurehead. Fritsch and Blomberg were in control of the army; Neurath was in control of the foreign ministry; Hitler provided occasional explosions—the noises off which were to win concessions from the entente Powers. The German foreign ministry had a consistent policy: this was to improve Germany's position by all means short of war. The German diplomats encouraged the gradual sapping of Austria's independence; they welcomed British, and still more Russian, difficulties in the Far East; they encouraged Italian ambitions in the Mediterranean. On the other hand, they shrank from committing themselves and were sharply conscious of German weakness against a European coalition. They kept up good relations with China, partly to prolong the Far Eastern war, partly to be able to switch over to the British side against Japan, in exchange for British concessions in Europe. Similarly they kept clear of Italy and perhaps intended to sell Italy out to France at the right moment. In fact Germany, with no interests in the Mediterranean and few in the Far East, was in an extremely favourable diplomatic position. It is difficult to see how she could have missed the peaceful establishment of a hegemony over eastern Europe, if she had continued to follow the Neurath line.

Three things tipped the balance in favour of lunacy and so postponed German domination of Europe for a decade or two—Ribbentrop, the belated Austrian resistance, and the efforts of the appeasers. Ribbentrop had a single talent: he could present in diplomatic terms exactly what Hitler wanted to hear. Previously Hitler had been in the position of a lunatic who thinks he is Jesus Christ: no one believes him and therefore he even doubts it himself. The German diplomatic service and foreign ministry returned a unanimous and continuous verdict against Hitler's intuitions; Ribbentrop confirmed these intuitions. Neurath had tried to explain to Hitler what was going on in the world; Ribbentrop, as foreign minister, listened for Hitler's whims and then produced evidence in their favour. Still, Ribbentrop would not have had such a catastrophic effect if his rise to power had not coincided with Schuschnigg's attempt to arrest Nazi penetration into Austria. The Austrian crisis of March, 1938, went against all German plans, even Hitler's: these had assumed an imperceptible crumbling of Austria or, as it was called, "an evolutionary solution." Schuschnigg called Hitler's bluff and compelled him to show that it was not bluff after all. The ease with which Austria fell first gave Hitler the conviction that his ravings were sound reality. As a result, when the Czechs challenged him in May he at once set to work to bring down a crisis upon them.

Most of all, Hitler's confidence was reinforced by the assiduous pilgrimage of the appeasers. The foreign ministry gave warning of the danger of war; Ribbentrop could silence them with the evidence of British and French timidity. As so often in history, appeasement was adopted just when it ceased to be appropriate. There was something to be said for concessions to the Weimar republic, even for concessions to the conservative coalition of Neurath and Fritsch. Perhaps concessions to these would have made Germany satisfied, though powerful. When appeasement got under way, it merely provided Ribbentrop and Hitler with the evidence that violence and aggression were the profitable course. After the annexation of Austria, appeasement had missed the bus, though it is doubtful whether there was ever one to catch. Moreover, since Hitler himself did not know what he wanted, even the most hardened appeasers could never discover what they were expected to concede. Later this was attributed to Hitler's Machiavellian diplomacy; in reality he had no firm intention except to humiliate the leading statesmen of the Great Powers. All allowed themselves to be humiliated. The exceptions in this volume make a curious pair: they are Lord Londonderry and M. Blum. Both refused to grovel before Hitler, and both foretold what would be the consequences of his actions.

Thus the present volume does not provide the evidence that there was a German, or even a Nazi, conspiracy against peace, if by conspiracy is meant a coherent, objective plan. It provides the evidence that the Germans, and especially the German governing class, allowed a criminal lunatic to establish himself in supreme power; and that they were abetted by those in England and France who, from feebleness or fear of Communism, treated the lunatic as a sane man.
A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE LITERARY JOURNALIST

Portraits. By DESMOND MACCARTHY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. MacCarthy dedicates this selection from his writings, reprinted after having been unobtainable since 1939, to himself as he was at the age of twenty-two, a young man whose hopes "were excessively high," whose praise of his own work "was conditional upon there being something much better to come," a play, a novel, a biography. But Mr. MacCarthy is addressing not only his former self but all "young men who long to write books and have to live by literary journalism." There are, it may be assumed, as many such young men about to-day as there were in 1931, when *Portraits* first appeared, and their immediate duty, to themselves, their craft, and the public they hope to interest, seems to me plain: to study this book and Mr. MacCarthy's other collected criticism. For, it should be noted, Mr. MacCarthy is speaking not of literary criticism but of literary journalism. There is a difference, just as there is a difference between the literary critic and the scholar. Scholars can afford to, and frequently do, write badly; there have been fine critics who are scarcely ever read with delight for their manner alone; but it is the first duty of the literary journalist, simply because he is a journalist, that he should please, and please instantly, readers who may have only a sluggish interest in his matter. He may hope to guide and instruct; he will only do so if he is first of all entertaining; and to write, week in week out, both entertainingly and with an eye kept firmly on the object he is being paid to discuss, is not exactly the easiest thing in the world. If it were, there would be more than the handful of writers at the present moment—I doubt if there are as many as a dozen in all—who are capable of doing so. For, more even than his loftier cousins, the poets, novelists and biographers, the literary journalist's success depends on his ability to write well—and a considerable part of the art of writing well is writing agreeably.

For the working literary journalist, then—let us be even more humble and say plainly the working reviewer—a book like *Portraits* is particularly satisfying. For here is a selection of literary journalism, reviewing, which is as fresh to-day, as lively, as immediately pleasing to all who know good writing when they see it, as it was when first written—and from internal evidence I suspect that some of the pieces collected here were written as long as forty years ago. Work like this exposes as the nonsense it is the artificial dichotomy between journalism and literature, between what we pompously call "creative" writing and other kinds of writing: journalism, if good enough, is literature; the only writing that matters is good writing.

But there is something else the young literary journalist of to-day may learn from Mr. MacCarthy's pages besides the overriding necessity of writing well. As his title indicates, in these pieces Mr. MacCarthy aims at giving impressions of men, at bringing out their lineaments, rather than at literary criticism proper. In a sense, the essays in this book are memoirs, whether he has known their subjects personally or not. But who are the men he has chosen for his gallery

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JOHN LEHMANN

of portraits? A group of statesmen—Asquith, Balfour, Disraeli, Gladstone, Harcourt; poets—Wilfrid Blunt, Clough, Horace, Goethe; novelists—Conrad, Anatole France, Henry James, Meredith, George Moore, Stevenson, Trollope; and others not so readily classifiable, among them Oscar Browning and Bunyan, Sir Richard Burton and Robert Burton, Renan and Sir Walter Raleigh, Ruskin and Strindberg, Tetrazzini and Isaac Walton. The point is not that he presents a speaking likeness of them all, illuminates our understanding of them—that we may take for granted—but that he reveals a range of interests of a kind that is in danger of disappearing from current literary journalism. For almost the first thing the young literary journalist does to-day is to specialise; he makes himself the last word on Henry James; if he is really diabolically clever he disinters Mrs. Craik and re-interprets the English novel in the light of *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

The poor devil is not to be blamed, for always at his back he hears the mutterings of the scholars who know so much more than he, the omniscient dons of the Third Programme, and the even more dangerous dons, the skulkers who don't condescend to broadcast at all. Yet, carried far enough, the results of this timidity could be disastrous to literary journalism. It is by no means certain that the best interpreter of a new book to what Dr. Johnson called the common reader is a specialist; it is by no means certain that the best reviewers of new fiction must necessarily themselves be novelists, the best critics of poetry poets. It is much more likely that the intrusion of the specialist represents a splintering of what at any rate used to be our common culture.

Well, Mr. MacCarthy has never been a specialist and from his pages it seems to me, remembering too that he has also been our finest dramatic critic since Shaw, we may deduce the qualities that will go to make up our ideal literary journalist. Some of these he has stated explicitly himself:

> It is not enough to be original, sensitive and imaginative; not enough to speak out for yourself. The critic need not possess these qualities in the same degree as the creator, but possess them he must and in addition, the faculty of comparing. The creative writer must know his own mind; the critic must also know the minds of other people. He must be able to harmonise personal sensibility with an exposition of case-made law: tradition is also evidence.

Implicit in that statement, as in his practice, are further qualities: a familiarity with at least one other major language; a knowledge of at least one other art and the ability to pronounce upon it; and a breadth of sympathy which allows him to take the whole of literature for his province and a constant realisation that all literature exists in an eternal *now*: all these allied to a lovely interest in men and women, politics and affairs, in life as well as letters.

If he cannot write as well on the past as on the present, on Richardson as on Mr. Graham Greene, on Pope or Browning as on Mr. Dylan Thomas, the less a literary journalist he, the less his value to his readers. And let him be not too much haunted by the bogey of scholarship. If he is to discuss Fielding he will know where to find the latest researches on that author, but he will not forget that, unknown to him, there's almost bound to be a professor in the Methodist University of Texas with a perfectly devastating and revolutionary Ph.D. thesis up his sleeve. A standard of perfection? The answer is that there are still three or four literary journalists, with Mr. MacCarthy as their senior, who come close to it. As for the younger men, the newcomers *aet.* 22, whom Mr. MacCarthy invokes in his dedicatory letter, they must do as best they can; and if they write well enough they may at the end discover, as the young Desmond MacCarthy, *aet.* 22, must by now have discovered, that in writing fugitive journalism they were writing literature some of the time.

WALTER ALLEN

TITO

Tito. By GEORGE BILAINKIN. *Williams & Norgate.* 10s. 6d.

Signor Malaparte, the Italian journalist, records in his book *Kaputt* his wartime visit to Ante Pavelić, the quisling ruler of Croatia. Raffaele Casertano, the Italian Minister to Croatia, looked at a wicker basket on Pavelic's desk, and thinking it contained oysters or mussels, turned to Malaparte and said: "Wouldn't it make a nice oyster stew?" Pavelic laughed good-naturedly as he remarked: "It is a present from my loyal Ustashis—forty pounds of human eyes." At which the two Italian guests shuddered.

Having seen the gas chambers, the crematoria, and the remnants of a million corpses at Majdanek concentration camp in Poland, I can believe almost anything about the Nazis and their hangers-on; and whether Signor Malaparte's story is strictly true is immaterial. But Mr. Bilainkin, in his book on Tito, is justified in quoting this story as an illustration of the wartime atmosphere in Yugoslavia, where, out of the 1,700,000 lives lost, one million lives at least were destroyed in mutual massacres—particularly in the massacres of Serbian men, women and children by the Croat Ustashi. To have unified, even imperfectly, a country where national hatreds had reached such a pitch of cruelty, was the greatest of all the achievements of Tito's National Liberal Movement. It is a side of the Yugoslav "problem" which can perhaps only be fully appreciated in Yugoslavia itself, and not outside—neither in the East nor in the West, and Tito's resentment at the insufficient recognition of his role as "unifier" of Yugoslavia is a note that recurs over and over again in Mr. Bilainkin's biography. He also frequently dwells on the Yugoslavs' feeling that the contribution made by the Partisans to the Allies' victory was not sufficiently recognised, either during the war or later.

It is doubtful whether, as a biography of Tito, Mr. Bilainkin's book can be considered in any way complete. Although he has taken much trouble to question people in Tito's native village, who still remember him as a schoolboy, the more important period of Tito's life, from roughly 1920 to 1937, is very sketchily treated, and is full of gaps. Very little is said about his visits to Russia and his relations with the Comintern.

Among the most useful parts of the book are the chapters devoted to British and Soviet policy in relation to Yugoslavia during the war. The British wobbling between Tito and Mihailovic (with, for a very long time, the strongest prejudice in favour of the latter) is described—largely on the strength of Yugoslav material—with anger and sarcasm; and Mr. Bilainkin's version of British aid to Tito ("it came very late, and should have been ten times larger," Tito later said) differs substantially from Mr. Fitzroy Maclean's story of cordial British-Yugoslav co-operation. Mr. Bilainkin also quotes sufficient material to show that the Russians' attitude to the Yugoslav Partisans was ambiguous for a very long time, and that the seeds of Russo-Yugoslav discord were already sown during the war, notably when (according to Mr. Bilainkin), a secret Anglo-Soviet agreement was made in May 1944 splitting Yugoslavia into spheres of influence on a fifty-fifty basis. Altogether Mr. Bilainkin argues that, all along, Tito was getting a raw deal from both sides—from the Western Powers over Trieste, for instance, from the Russians over Southern Karinthia.

On these, as on all other points (even on the question of the American planes shot down by the Yugoslavs) he tends to support the Yugoslav point of view. Thus Belgrade, according to him, was liberated by the Yugoslavs, "with the help of the Red Army," and not *vice versa*, as is, for instance, clearly suggested by Fitzroy Maclean. The final section of *Tito* is devoted to a full translation of the Moscow-Belgrade correspondence which preceded the Cominform Resolution. This, as well as much else, makes *Tito* a

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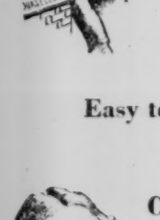

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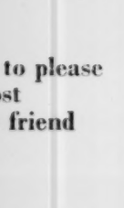

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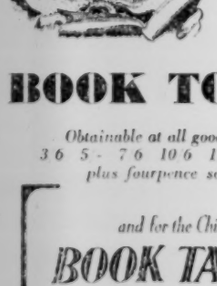

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most useful little reference book, despite many gaps. The suggestion running right through the story is that Tito was never really wrong about anything.

ALEXANDER WERTH

THE ANONYMOUS ARTISTS

English Art 1307-1461. By JOAN EVANS. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

One of the perennial controversies in the study of medieval art ranges round the question where the line should be drawn between what is English and what is French. Medieval civilisation had an essential unity about it, and some of the problems arise from the difficulty of applying modern national conceptions to an age when modern nations did not yet exist. The destruction of medieval works of art in England was much more thorough than in France, where such destruction as there was belongs to a much later time than the iconoclasm of the English reformers in the sixteenth, and of the Puritans in the seventeenth century. And so, because of the dearth of examples of English medieval art, many English critics have assumed that medieval works of art in England must have been created by foreigners whenever they were good. When they used this argument they found powerful support from French scholars. One of the greatest French art historians, M. Emile Male, in his work on the religious art of the twelfth century, suggested that English art at that period was purely provincial. In fact, the greatest English illuminations of that period are as good in their way as anything produced in France, and better than works contemporary with them from any other European region.

In the course of little more than a year, two books by Dr. Joan Evans have appeared, both of them notable; first a book on Medieval France, and now the second, on Medieval English art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, to 1461. The period covered by her new book is one for much of which French influence was indubitably of great importance. In the wonderful Douce Apocalypse, for example, executed probably a few years before her period begins, some of the drawing is, in feeling, French, yet it is close to that of the Westminster retable, and there is no evidence that either was actually done by a French artist. In the middle of her period comes the Wilton diptych, and here again is a work which has been called French, simply because it is so good. It is impossible to point to any striking parallels with it in the French art of the time, and such records as we have suggest that it is likely to have been the work of an English, rather than a French, artist. The lovely fragment of a statue of the Virgin and Child, illustrated in Dr. Evans's Plate 32, shows how dangerous it is to argue, simply on grounds of quality, that a good work of art done at this period cannot be English. An equally lovely example, and contemporary with the Wilton diptych, is the famous window once at Ettington Park, illustrated in Mr. Herbert Read's *English Stained Glass*, which we know to have been the work of Thomas Glazier of Oxford. It may be true (as Dr. Evans shows) that most of the actual glass used by English designers at this period came from France, but the designs on it were English, and the results must be regarded, if the distinction means anything at all, as English works of art. With problems like this to disentangle, it is fortunate that the book under review should be by a writer who is equally at home in the work of either French or English artists, and her views as to the *provenance* of any particular work must be treated with special respect. Dr. Evans regards the Wilton diptych as English; though she rightly stresses that we have, as yet, no evidence which will definitely clinch the matter. She includes also in her illustrations the half diptych from the Museo Nazionale in Florence, and suggests that it may be English. It is true that the pointed features of the Virgin are reminiscent of those of the Virgin and Angels in the Wilton diptych, and the figure adoring the Child may well remind us of the figure of Joseph of Arimathea in the Victoria and Albert Museum alabastar retable. Personally, for reasons which I find it impossible to define, I would accept more readily the suggestion of a Dutch origin for the Florence picture. But one's inability to give reasons for opinions of this kind shows how insecure they are unless they are supported with documentary evidence—evidence which, in a surprisingly large number of instances, this book is able to furnish. On the question of this relationship between English and French art in the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries, we are unlikely to get a more authoritative view for a long time than that here expounded.

To produce a satisfactory survey of the whole course of English art over this period of one and a half centuries, is however an almost impossible task. As a survey of the architecture, Dr. Evans' book is amazingly satisfying. There are naturally, even here, things for which we look in vain. There is no satisfactory plate for example, of any of the great hammer-beam roofs of the period such as the Westminster Hall roof, though there is an excellent picture of the barn at Place House, Tisbury, showing the arch-braced construction as used for a comparatively rough secular building. Secular architecture as a whole is well represented, as is also sculpture; and the plates include two of the finest of the alabasters, the group of the Trinity now in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, and the Deposition in the Victoria and Albert Museum. There is no plate of stained glass, and while much of the English stained glass that has survived from the period is of indifferent quality, there still exist some works sufficiently noteworthy to suggest that the best work of designers in England could be very good indeed.

Dr. Evans called her book on Medieval French Art a "Study in Patronage." In this book also, one of the chief features is its elaborate documentation of the economic, social and intellectual origins of the works with which she is concerned. This does not make for easy reading, but it is matter of great importance. If we wish to know whence the grotesques in the margin of the books come, or what is the relationship between the tomb and the Easter sepulchre, or the ideas from which derived the practice of establishing chantries where prayer could be made for the departed, we could have no better guide.

In introducing this first volume of the Oxford History of English Art, the editor points out incidentally that "the photography of works of art, so as to give not only clarity of detail, but also something of the aesthetic pleasure conveyed by the original, is in itself a high skill"—and one to which English photography, with its directness of statement, does not normally aspire. It would, however, be hard to find anywhere a photograph more brilliant than that of the Angel of the Passion, on the Percy Tomb at Beverley, which forms the frontispiece of the book. It has a soaring quality which suggests magnificiently the intention of the master who conceived the sculpture. The vast majority of the photographs illustrate well the truth of Mr. Boase's generalisation: they are competent, direct, and admirably suited for the purpose for which they were designed, as well as being most beautifully reproduced.

Yet the first volume makes it apparent what a difficult task those who work on this great history are likely to have. To produce an adequate survey of the varied material, and at the same time to suggest the general tendencies which manifest themselves in the changing art of different phases, is going to be well-nigh impossible. If, in the volumes which follow, the plan of this one is continued, the authors will rely mainly on the development of architecture, and the details of architectural decoration, and will treat other arts as ancillary to this main theme. Such treatment would not, of course, be possible for the earliest period, but from the twelfth century onwards it can be done; and the amount of material available is steadily increasing, as the tele-photo lens makes it possible to photograph sculpture *in situ*, the detail of which is inaccessible by any other photographic technique. Dr. Evans has two fine photographs facing one another, one of the central pillar of Wells Chapter House, and the other of

the Nave Vault of Exeter Cathedral. They give us a distant view of the roof bosses, and we can just discern near the top of the Exeter photograph that superb boss showing the Murder of Becket which, photographed with a tele-photo lens, appears as the frontispiece in Mr. Cave's recent book. His photographs were not yet published when this book was being produced. In the volume planned to go immediately before it, as doubtless also, in that which follows, they will inevitably appear; for his series of plates is a new treasure-house of English medieval sculpture.

WALTER OAKESHOTT

LOVE AND HATE

De Profundis. OSCAR WILDE. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

De Profundis is a work of overwhelming power. As is generally known, the hitherto unpublished part of it gives a severe picture of Lord Alfred Douglas and the role he is alleged to have played in bringing Wilde to ruin. The indictment, written in its author's finest prose, has a powerful effect, which at first reading leaves little place either for corrective impressions or for anything more than a cursory and dazed acknowledgment of the quality of Wilde's thought. Eventually however these succeed in asserting themselves. As far as Lord Alfred is concerned one begins to feel that Wilde's portrait expresses rather more of the bitterness of neglected love than of implacable judgment. After all the things he has said, many of them terrible things, after the many declarations that he ought to have plucked his young friend out of his life like a thing that had stung him: after eighty pages and more of that, there suddenly is Wilde, in quite a sentimental way, suggesting they should meet again after his release "when the June roses are in all their wanton opulence."

> Yet when all is said surely you might have been able to understand or conceive, at any rate that on the ordinary grounds of mere psychological curiosity it would have been more interesting to me to hear from you than to learn that Alfred Austin was trying to bring out a volume of poems; that George Street was writing dramatic criticism for the *Daily Chronicle*; or that by one who cannot speak a panegyric without stammering, Mrs. Meynell had been pronounced to be the new Sybil of style.

Thus Wilde contrasts the silence of Lord Alfred with the attentive kindness of Robert Ross, who wrote him every twelve weeks a "little budget of literary news." The hurt and longing are evident beneath the mask of angry lecture.

The love too, so that Wilde's attack, however damaging it may appear, doesn't seem a good occasion for personal partisanship. Mr. Vyvyan Holland, in an able and attractive introduction, does give one a certain amount of encouragement to partisanship, as he tells his story of Lord Alfred's reactions and dealings. Anyone who reads *De Profundis* in that spirit ought, in justice, to look up Lord Alfred's own *Autobiography*. Facts are more misleading than feelings, but there is at least one rather noticeable conflict of fact. Whereas Mr. Holland tells us that a "typewritten copy" of the manuscript was sent to Lord Alfred, who "found it was more than his vanity could stand," Lord Alfred repeatedly denies that he ever saw or received this until many years later, long after Wilde's death, and then only because of an impending libel action. It may be so or not, and it doesn't perhaps very much matter, provided that one corrects the impression that this is simply one man rehabilitating himself at the expense of another. "I do not defend my conduct. I explain it," Wilde himself said, and common sense too insists that one should keep that in mind. He was extravagant before he met Lord Alfred. He was the older man, boring as that may sound, and his was the greater responsibility.

Explanation is the more real theme here, and *De Profundis*, by the force of passionate explaining, has the not-quite-expected effect of rehabilitating both of them. I don't mean in terms of police-court, psychiatrist, or public opinion; those are dull matters, the affair has gone beyond them, but here it goes further, and seems to enter the realm of legend. Love, Wilde says:

> . . . is fed by the imagination, by which we become wiser than we know, better than we feel, nobler than we are: by which we can see life as a whole: by which and by which alone we can understand others in their real as in their ideal relation. Only what is fine, and finely conceived, can feed love . . . Its joy, like the joy of the intellect, is to feel itself alive. The aim of love is to love: no more, and no less . . .

and indeed we're in the presence of love from the first page of *De Profundis* to the last page, to the last signature, "Your affectionate friend." The intensity of this presence not only gives this great, this very great, work its power to overwhelm, it also raises the principal characters to a legendary status, where no scandal or brilliance could have set them. I don't doubt that there was very great love between them (whatever the differences of needs, attitudes, ages), and that this feature of it, whether or not it seems exaggerated, will gain greater acceptance. The sexual element expressed the latent homosexuality of English life, and scapegoat penalties had to be exacted for that. One feels also that they were exacted for something much more annoying:

> The Savoy dinners—the clear turtle soup; the luscious ortolans wrapped in their crinkled Sicilian vineleaves, the heavy amber-coloured, indeed almost amber-scented champagne—Dagonet, 1880, I think, was your favourite wine . . . the suppers at Willis's . . . the special *cuvées* of Perrier-Jouet reserved always for us, the wonderful *pâtés* procured directly from Strasburg, the marvellous *fine champagne* served always at the bottom of great bell-shaped glasses . . .

Though such things appeared afterwards in greyer colours to the moralist of Reading Gaol, yet there's no doubt that he and Lord Alfred had a wonderful time. Too wonderful perhaps. Genius and aristocracy can each be irritating enough on their own; in gay combination, with so much outrageous capacity for happiness, constant only in charm and a refusal to bore, they were scarcely tolerable. And there was the last provocation of a genuine love to annoy excluded friends as well as enemies. Wilde's "explanation" not only accounts for himself, it charts the long, long trail of penalty, disappointment, rancour, and guilty amends, much of which has hitherto seemed so meaningless. He paid with disgrace, Lord Alfred with the gritty litigious development of his life. But others too have paid something in various times and ways, and the ugly preference for hate, which streaks the outside of all these events, is a black blot on its period.

"He reminds one of Calvin," somebody once said of Wilde in his good days. Prison will bring out the Calvinism of any man who has it in him. When Wilde talks of the "ethical degradation" of his friendship, of the bitterness of the "dregs of a banquet," when he preaches at extravagance and debauch, and roundly asserts: "The basis of character is will power!", it seems ironical that he should be a simpler, sterner moralist than his accusers, but seems so only for a moment. After all this is a Christian irony. The sinner offers the true currency of experience, not the counterfeit of the preacher's "barren theme." The old coins have a new look and Wilde makes them shine and adds designs of his own, not only by intellectual penetration, the sense of intractable paradox in life, which makes the reading of *De Profundis* a continuous excitement, indeed a revelation. It is more important that the Calvinism is superficial. Wilde keeps fast hold of love, human and Christian, and compels us to feel it. Major Nelson, who was Governor of Reading Gaol, didn't have to give Wilde his manuscript when he let him out; indeed, prison regulations forbade it, and we owe rather a lot to Major Nelson. It may be idle to guess that the work had compelled him. That at least is its effect now. Masterful in itself, as a work of literature, it concentrates all of

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Not In Our Stars. By EDWARD HYAMS. *Longmans.* 9s. 6d.
Outward Be Fair. By DENNIS PARRY. *Hale.* 8s. 6d.

Christmas dinner is over, and everybody is gathered round the fire waiting for the King's broadcast. The room reeks of roast turkey, sherry, cigars, plum pudding, tangerines and chocolate peppermint creams. Mum's got her feet up and Auntie's half asleep, although you can hardly hear yourself think for the row the kids are making with crackers and trumpets. Then there's one of those sudden silences—you know—and if Uncle Eric isn't telling Dad the story about Len getting his cuff-link caught in Yvonne's bra! Honestly, if it had been anybody but Uncle Eric, Auntie'd 've had kittens.

Uncle Eric, however, has been getting away with this kind of thing for years. He is the licensed Rabelais of the suburbs, the Chamfort of the saloon bar. "It is conversation which makes the difference between a real affair and half an hour's untidiness on a sofa." There must, one feels, be something wrong with anyone who does not like a bit of this, and something wrong with a writer who has devoted a satirical fancy and a considerable novelist's talent to supplying it as a standardised article. In Mr. Linklater's new novel it comes in a slightly different wrapping, for *A Spell for Old Bones* is set in Roman Scotland, and deals with the rivalry of two giants, Od McGammon and Furbister. The subject suits Mr. Linklater's smooth joviality, and the book has its moments. But we are not after all so very far away from home; no one will have to rack his brains to see that in his description of the way in which Od McGammon runs his kingdom Mr. Linklater is, in his happy way, pulling Uncle Joe's leg. As an old admirer of Mr. Linklater I can remember books in which his fooling had not only more craziness, but more of a nip in it; from the present atmosphere of cosy geniality I look back on those days with a kind of nostalgia.

If Mr. Linklater is a satirist without a target, it is clear that to Mr. Aubrey Menen the sky is dark with birds. Firing into the brown with a jerky swing, he is anything but a safe gun; he can however make a pretty good mess of a sitting bird. His satire is constructed around Colley Burton, who, having spent many years and all his money upon modest good works in India, comes home to find that he is believed to be dead, and is being portrayed as a saint in a successful play. He lands among professional do-gooders, some blatantly cynical, others merely silly. Mr. Menen does achieve one or two amusing and pointed incidents—the distinguished sociologist, for example, painstakingly swearing his way through an interview with a young delinquent who, as it happens, does not himself swear. But Freud and the Welfare State are a good deal too big to feel this puny lash; indeed anyone who is going to make them feel anything needs not only a heavy whip but also a secure stance from which to operate. Here, in the words of Chas (the bad boy) describing a visit to St. Peters, is Mr. Menen's:

> "When she got there," said Chas, "she looked up. She saw the two arms of the colonnade, sweeping out of the church and all around her. Holding her, she says. Safe . . . She says the Church spoke to her. 'Wherever you are,' it said, 'Wherever you go, whatever you do, you must never be afraid. You are safe.'"

I should describe this, myself, as vulgar religiosity.

Mr. Hyams' book has a blurb (about a "horrifying new disease . . . a state official interested in bacterial warfare") which sounds forbiddingly familiar. It begins a little hesitantly and uncertainly, does not begin to grip or impress for several chapters, and then turns out to be in some ways a very high-class piece of work indeed. Perhaps, in fact, it is not correct to describe the opening as uncertain or hesitant. Mr. Hyams writes with a good deal of restraint, not seeking cheap effects, and partly as a result of this he gathers strength at first slowly, and then in a kind of geometrical progression. The portrait of Appleton, the young scientist, appears at first faint and commonplace, but it is built up with clarity, irony, and sympathy. Silas Cage, the intellectual turned fruit-farmer, and his wife Miriam, are both convincing characters, but the picture of their relationship is more convincing still. The subsidiary characters are excellent. One of them, Drover, the farmer who makes it his duty to bring public opinion to bear on disreputable secrets, is an unlikely personality who becomes astonishingly real: Mr. Hyams almost makes us hear his voice. In some ways this book is irritating. There are incidents, phrases, subtleties of character, flashes of style, which are as good as anything any contemporary novelist could do; but not only does the book as a whole not come up to this standard—there are faults, signs of fatigue, touches of a kind of careless vulgarity, which bring it down far below it. It is a noteworthy, but rather foxing, novel.

Mr. Dennis Parry is one of the few contemporary novelists who has made a recognisable claim to a complete milieu. He often departs from it; he has gone as far afield as Greece and Byzantium; it is nevertheless peculiarly his own. One might call it the rackety outer suburbs. The stockbroker's divorcée, the shady club-proprietor, the R.A.F. ex-hero-cad—they are not exactly his material, but they form a kind of animated stage set. Disreputable but sympathetic, neurotic but cheerful, without the romanticism of defeat or even of seediness, they provide data for studies in amorality, a chorus for tragedies that dissolve into macabre farce. *Atalanta's Case* was perhaps the most entertaining example of Mr. Parry's interplay of his own brand of social realism and epigrammatic comedy; *Mooncalf*, with a very much tougher theme, was better in parts than as a whole. This is also true of *Outward Be Fair*. It contains some formidable characters: (Sir Leo Galvin: "Like most top-grade Civil Servants he cultivated an invariable suavity which was not so much misleading as absolutely meaningless.") It is, like all Mr. Parry's books, compellingly readable, and the plot is, as a piece of mechanics, ingenious. The trouble is, I think, that in Joanna Pennell Mr. Parry has stretched our understanding and sympathy a bit too far; it is not that she loses them, but rather that she does not gain them. The account of her apprenticeship to murder, although it has the realism, at once flat and vivid, of a Famous Trial, is psychologically hard to swallow. It has, like an unsuspected piece of gristle, to be returned to the plate.

J. D. SCOTT

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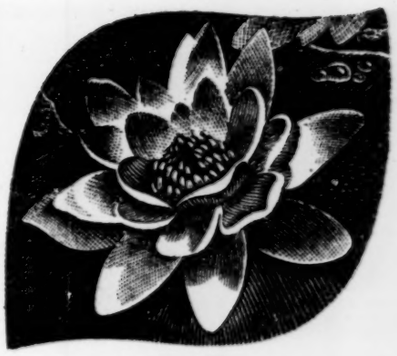

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as an interesting range of "display" types for advertising. The fine appearance of many modern books owes a great deal to this work. At the same time Mr. Morison has written and lectured on the theory and history of typography and calligraphy, and his books show him to be a fine scholar bringing to bear a great knowledge of the history of art on to the limited field of printing, for which he has never claimed that it is more than one of the servant arts. As a practitioner he was responsible for that original type Times New Roman, which was cut in the early Thirties when he was asked to redesign *The Times*.

The Typographic Arts is a reprint of two of Mr. Morison's lectures, with thirty-two well-chosen plates and an appendix. The first lecture is called "The Typographic Arts" and is a historical survey of printing from the point of view of design; much information is packed into a small space, which accounts for the simplifications and generalisations which Mr. Morison sometimes allows himself—such as his tracing of the beginning of the Renaissance back to the "virtuoso" Niccolò de' Niccoli. He shows plainly how social conditions in England at the time of the Tudors and Stuarts brought about a decadence in typographical design from the time of the fine Vulgate Bible. Sentiment will not allow him to say that the 1623 Folio is anything but a poor piece of typography. By the eighteenth century English printing had nearly caught up with the rest of Europe where academies of art had realised that the art of printing needed encouragement. But by the middle century the art of the English book was at its greatest and Mr. Morison reproduces a page from Robert and Andrew Foulis's edition of Vergil which is a model of sane proportion, in which the use of white space plays as important a part as the disposition of the type itself.

Mr. Morison feels that only a study of the art of the book in the past will produce good printing in the future, and it is true, that like most servant arts, it depends on tradition far more than the liberal arts. And it is interesting that Herr Tschichold, who originated a style of typography in keeping with the theories of the Bauhaus, has now made a *volte face* in favour of humanistic typography.

The second lecture is called "The Art of Printing" and was first given at the British Academy in 1937. Its purpose is less general and more expert than the first lecture, which was addressed, rather in the manner of Reynolds's *Discourses*, to the students of a school of typographic design. The difference of approach in the two lectures rather spoils the unity of the book, but Mr. Morison's exposition, to his academic audience, of the relation between pure calligraphy and type design is done with assurance and mastery of the subject. More profoundly the question of modern printing is discussed, and essence of the author's theories summed up when he writes:

> The primary claim of printing is not to be an art, but to be the most responsible of our social, industrial, and intellectual mechanisms; it must, like a transport system, be most disciplined, most rational. Nevertheless, if it is allowable to define art, in this connection, as the application of knowledge, reason, and skill to the service of writers and readers, it may not be rash to hope that some of the past, present, and future productions of the printer will, as multiplied productions of reason and skill, be counted worthy to rank as an aspect of art.

The book itself is well produced and, appropriately, is set in Perpetua, which was the result of Gill's researches into the letter forms on Trajan's column in Rome; but the jacket might have been a little more distinguished.

The new edition of Mr. Tarr's *Modern Printing* makes available again the best plain textbook on the subject for non-experts. His outline of the history of printing and discussion of modern trends in type design and layout are models of simple imformation. It is unfortunate that the book had to appear in a series which lacks all typographical elegance.

MICHAEL SWAN

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> . . . A god has touched him, though with whips:
> We only know that, hooted from our walls,
> He hurtles on his way, he reels, he falls,
> And staggers up to find himself a king
> With truth a silver trumpet at his lips.

Ought that not, with its melodrama and its stock properties—"truth a silver trumpet"—to be mere sounding fustian? Yet any fool, if not every critic, can recognise that is poetry: of, naturally, an unfashionable sort. We have to think of Victor Hugo and of Byron, who have the same art of turning what looks, at a first glance, like padded declamation into muscular verse. Such poetry is saved by the very risks it takes. Mr. Campbell swings from line to line like an athlete on a trapeze. His level of utterance is far above the safe ground; one miss or fumble will bring the poem crashing fatally down. So reading him is a nervous and alert, not a soothing, pleasure.

He is at his best with things in motion: in conveying sheer physical exhilaration, the sea waves like wild horses, the wild horses like sea waves:

> Still out of hardship bred,
> Spirits of power and beauty and delight
> Have ever on such frugal pastures fed
> And loved to course with tempests through the night.

He is not so good when he has to bring a poem to the point of reverberating rest. Exhilaration will keep breaking in,

> 'Life is a dusty corridor,' I say,
> 'Shut at both ends.' But far across the plain,
> Old Ocean growls and tosses his grey mane,
> Pawing the rocks in all his old unrest . . . .

Like restive old Ocean, he must be on the move. His poems cannot stop long enough to explore the "still centre"; they present, rather, Mr. Campbell's active, outward role. It is that of the man on horseback who is at once *caballero* and *vaquero*, the noble knight and the simple cowboy, and who, doubling as it were the parts of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, can speak at once for the high romantic tradition and for coarse common sense. We get to know this figure as a character very well, yet the intimacy of Mr. Campbell's poems is an oddly gregarious and public intimacy; to the solitary, troubled inner man in his reader (and perhaps in himself) Mr. Campbell has little to say. He cannot be accused of posing, since the poetic role he has chosen represents his convictions, and convictions he is ready to act on; but it might be said that he hardly ever relaxes from performing, with great gusto, the public part of himself.

Sometimes, and especially in his satires, it seems to me that he rather hams this part. He is an excellent satirist when he has a proper target: as in the generous anger of his epigram on a South African statesman,

> The love of Nature burning in his heart
> Our new Saint Francis offers us his book—
> The saint who fed the birds at Bondleswaart
> And fattened up the vultures at Bull Hoek,

or as in that exuberant, jovially contemptuous poem about "colonial culture," *The Wayzgoose*. But in his later poems, I sometimes feel that he is lashing out at random, hammering dummy heads:

> Jock Stot's the same—but when the bullets whistle
> Up goes the White Flag, and down comes the Thistle . . .

The Scottish people offer a wide flank to satirical darts of various kinds. They have not, so far as I know, been previously accused—and certainly not by a poet of Scottish ancestry—of lacking physical courage. Here, Mr. Campbell's passion for trailing his coat (and perhaps the temptation of a rhyme) have run away with him. Naturally, such writing makes him enemies. The anger which I, for instance, as a Scotsman, feel at that couplet is not the anger properly induced by satire—anger at being pinked in a vulnerable spot—but the anger that is aroused by unprovoked rudeness. Mr. Campbell is, I think, sometimes betrayed by his skill and fluency in writing rhymed invective into mere vulgar abuse. And I think that his personal feuds sometimes rob him of a craftsman's sense of proportion. Yet, when the dust has settled on these quarrels—and on wider political quarrels, on which I have not touched—Mr. Campbell's place, I would think, among the dozen or so more important poets of our time is assured. Future readers will not go to him for insights into a troubled civilization to which, as a nostalgic rider of the outlands, he has never really belonged; they will not go to him for psychological subtlety or contemplative wisdom; but is there another lyrical poet of our time who combines, just as he does, vigour, directness, technical control, and the most vivid sense of natural beauty? With the man, whose generous, muddled, sometimes rancorous, sometimes wrong-headed attitudes are woven into the poetry, we may often properly lose our patience; but never with the poet, the pure poet, of such lines as these:

> We shall not meet again; over the wave
> Our ways divide, and yours is straight and endless,
> But mine is short and crooked to the grave:
> Yet what of these dark crowds amid whose flow
> I battle like a rock, aloof and friendless,
> Are not their generations vague and endless
> The waves, the strides, the feet on which I go?

G. S. FRASER

SCIENCE AND CRIME

Society and the Criminal. By Sir Norwood East. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 10*s.*

The author of the essays and lectures collected in this book was a Prison Medical Officer, and then for many years, the Medical Commissioner of Prisons. One of the greatest English newspapers thought that *Society and the Criminal* was worth a leading article on the ground that Sir Norwood's cautious attitude towards the claims of psychiatry in the treatment of crime was a thing to be reckoned with by reformers. In a foreword Sir Alexander Maxwell says that "faithfulness to scientific standards is a distinguishing mark of the author's work." Are these claims to authority justified?

It is easy to mock at the essays. They are not very well written, there is no thread of thought running through them which might have made a real book. The strict scientific standards seem to be dipped a little on page 231 when we read that:

> A causal factor [of crime] which receives scant attention to-day is the lack of religious education. Frank selfishness is the rule. Children are frequently brought up without proper care or attention, and home life is disappearing. Cupidity is the modern goal, short term expediency supplants old fashioned honesty . . . the search for pleasure grows apace, and hard work is no longer regarded as a Christian tenet or as an invigorating friend, but as an opponent to be avoided.

Occasionally the impeccable definitions will raise a laugh. On page 113 we learn that "the victim of a sadist is not necessarily a masochist and the aggressor of a masochist is not necessarily sadist," and those who enjoy their Old Boys' dinners and their Gaudy week-ends will be reassured, on page 111, to learn that in the matter of homosexuality it would be "unwarranted to include in this term occasions when for social or convivial purposes men like to get together with other men, and women with other women, on a non-genital level."

It is, some may think, a shame to the prison medical services that Sir Norwood East, delivering the Galton Lecture in 1947 on "The Non Sane, Non Insane Offender", should have to confess that there were no reliable figures about the size of this group of offenders, and guessed that they formed between 5 per cent. and 20 per cent. of the whole. Counting is the beginning of science, and there has been plenty of time to count. There has even been time to make a reasonably definite classification so as to make counting produce valid results.

Nevertheless it would be idle to discuss these essays as nothing but straw. There are some good ears of wheat, clumsily stacked, but wheat. Sir Norwood is the last man to run after any new thing. He is by temperament cautious and resistant to change. But in the end he runs too—often stopping for breath. A generation of prison doctors with a scientific revolutionary like Hamblin Smith at its head might have pressed on to rationalise and humanise the prison system by scientific research, observation and experiment. Yet, even under an orthodox prison practitioner like Norwood East, and with his active help, they have made some notable individual studies in criminal psychology, tackled the difficult task of practising psychotherapy in the unhelpful atmosphere of a twentieth-century English prison, and laid down lines of future policy for the establishment of a special institution where the work could be done with better chances of success. Sir Norwood possesses, out of the wealth of his prison experience, a vast hoard of knowledge. Part of the hoard, covering a large number of subjects, is displayed in this book, but it would be idle to pretend that it is shown to great advantage.

Cicely M. Craven

SEDATIVE HISTORY

A Concise Economic History of Britain. By Sir John Clapham. *Cambridge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Growth of English Society. By E. Lipson. *A. & C. Black.* 21*s.*

With what end in view should the historian explore the basement of man's house, the material foundations on which the culture of poet, saint and philosopher is propped? Pursuit of pure knowledge, or search for a clue to the maze, an answer to the riddle: "Whence and Whither"? Read together, these two books provoke the comment that it takes a curio-collector to compile economic history, a liberal doctrinaire to distort it, and a Marxist to make pragmatic sense of it. Even from a Socialist reviewer, this may be too *simpliste* a verdict; but the question does arise how far the economic historian should feel it incumbent on him to arrange in a significant pattern the bones and shards he has unearthed. Must the reader, living in a period of monopolistic capitalism and wondering what hit him, be content to be given facts and allowed to draw his own inferences? Or should the story of toil and trade, money and productive organisation, be told in relation to an explanatory thesis?

In Sir John Clapham's *Concise Economic History* no such thesis is readily apparent. Whether he found them in Roman Britain, in the feudal manor, the craft gild or the oddities of seventeenth-century mercantilism, he fingered his curios lovingly. His learning was immense, and his University lectures (one imagines) must have been well worth attending; for he had the gift of incisive observation and telling phrase. Unhappily his death, nearly four years ago, prevented the completion of this final, summarised review of his far-reaching collected knowledge: the story breaks off in 1750. But it is doubtful whether the finished work would have added greatly to understanding of the forces which underlay the Industrial Revolution and gave birth to a society in which capitalist enterprise seemed, for a brief period, to have discovered the secret of expanding abundance. One may surmise that the rarest treasures in the curio-cupboard were, to Sir John, the minutiæ of life under villeinage or the early feats of Merchant Adventure; and the bearing which these had on later developments seems to have concerned him little. He was content, for example, to write that "the most active non-agrarian capitalists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were commercial, not industrial." It does not seem to have struck him that this implied definition of capitalism, which would date its beginnings from the days of Babylon, offered any difficulties; nor did he apparently pause to inquire closely whence came the accumulated wealth that led to wage-labour, or what part was played by class in the struggle for economic power.

Mr. Lipson, by contrast, is obviously conscious that something has gone wrong and requires explanation. But though in this sense he achieves

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Company Meeting

Tube Investments Limited

New Records in Output and Exports

At the annual general meeting of Tube Investments, Ltd., at Birmingham, on December 14th, Mr. I. A. R. Stedeford (chairman) said that the Group's output had greatly increased during the year, and turnover was up by £4 million. These trends were not reflected in the profits because the company, to assist the internal economy of British industry, had chosen to absorb a high proportion of increased costs, and had again lowered the price of some products. Over £18 million, needed to finance post-war developments and expanding trade, had been found from TI's accumulated resources.

The Group's factories in this country had, by an expenditure of £6½ million on modernisation, now reached a high degree of mechanical efficiency; and further impressive results had been achieved by redeployment. At one works, production per man-year had risen by 44.6 per cent. since 1947, and wages had increased by about 18 per cent. Fewer men, using less plant, had increased output at lower cost. Greater productivity depended, not on longer hours or exhortations, but on the quality and technique of the management and the will of the workers to work well.

Direct exports, at over £12½ million, exceeded last year's record by £2 million, and were nine times greater than the best pre-war years.

All the Divisions had contributed to this fine result. Exports to U.S., Canada and Argentine had increased by 14 per cent. before devaluation. Whether the company had reached, or already passed, the export peak with the present range of products, was a matter that future figures would decide.

Overseas Developments

Overseas manufacturing activities had been extended by the formation of TI Cycles (South Africa), Ltd., and TI Cycles of India, Ltd., arrangements being made to produce bicycles in both countries. A further company, TI South Africa (Pty.), Ltd., had been formed to develop export trade in that country.

Record sales had been achieved by the Cycle Division, but the industry's separate development plans had proceeded at such a pace that Britain's cycle production potential had probably outstripped future demand. TI companies had increased capacity conservatively and efficiency substantially, and their policy of providing high-quality machines to the peoples of the world at keen and attractive prices, should enable them to hold, and even increase, their present proportion of the available world trade. The aluminium rolling mills at Oldbury were running at full capacity, and the foundry plant at the new works at Resolven, South Wales, was operating and supplying all TI requirements of extrusion billets and rolling slabs.

To-Morrow's World Trade

The results of the Steel Tube and General Divisions continued to be satisfactory, in spite of keener competition from the Continent in some export markets, and a serious shortage of steel strip for electric welded tubing. TI could offer additional benefits to customers for steel tubes if a greater degree of standardisation could be achieved. The co-operation was sought of all interested designers by inviting them to consult on the most economical tube for a purpose, before deciding on any particular quality or size. The reorganisation of production in the Electrical Division was practically completed. Demand for installation material still kept ahead of output, and TI sales amounted to about 25 per cent. of the total purchases in the highly competitive electric cooker market, a proportion which was likely to increase.

Devaluation had shown itself to be a stimulant to overseas trade in dollar and other markets, and TI was taking special steps to secure the maximum advantage from it. The results to date had been encouraging; more goods had been sold to America, and prospects were interesting, but devaluation, concluded Mr. Stedeford, was no cure for Britain's difficulties. A way out was clearly marked in the direction of international agreements for the better regulation of trade in and between countries, or groups of countries; and what was needed now was an understanding regarding America's future trading intentions.

The report and accounts were adopted and the dividend was approved.

more of a synthesis than did Sir John Clapham, I should hesitate to describe *The Growth of English Society* as scientific. Indeed, the closing chapters are calculated to make an intelligent young shop-steward laugh. Uncompromising in his belief in the merits of free trade and the virtues of *laissez faire*, Mr. Lipson ascribes all present ills to our reversion to a neo-mercantilism whose adoption, in his view, was as needless as it was deplorable. For him the economic glories of the Nineteenth Century were the product of enlightened self-interest, now sadly trammelled and confined. *Hinc illae lacrymae;* the rot came when "the nation, blinded by panic hastily and without thought" abandoned fiscal and monetary rectitude in the Thirties. He gives the reader no hint that the crisis of 1929 might have been the product of some inherent contradiction in the capitalist structure of society, or that the restrictionism which he condemns might have evolved inevitably in the final stages of a system holding within itself the seeds of revolutionary change.

No social revolutions for Mr. Lipson—only "the swing of the pendulum . . . whereby all extremes are eventually brought under control." His society "grows" with the beautiful continuity of a genealogical tree; the reader is imperceptibly conditioned to accept without any surprise the current existence of what Mr. Maurice Dobb has well called "that peculiar and mystifying form whereby a leisured class can exploit the surplus labour of others." From feudalism to individualism, from status to contract, the passage is "natural," almost painless: the fabric of mediaeval society was dissolved "by easy stages"; and, lest we attach too much importance to the fundamental issue of ownership of the means of production, we are asked to note that, since its criterion is "the ownership of the raw material," capitalism existed long before the seventeenth century. That capitalist enterprises on an embryo scale were functioning well in advance of the Elizabethan period is true; but Mr. Lipson's whole treatment of economic history as a dutifully evolutionary process seems designed to gloss over the conquest of power by successively dominant classes, just as his diagnosis of Mercantilism as a temporary abberration from true historic development appears to be aimed at camouflaging the extent to which monopoly has recurrently—and never more emphatically than to-day—been sought as a privilege by "enlightened" free enterprise.

What, then, of the intelligent young shop-steward? Were I in charge of his education, I should give him both these books: each in its way is an instructive and easily readable textbook, the bones and shards are all there. But I should give him also Maurice Dobb's *Studies in the Development of Capitalism* as a corrective. It would serve to teach him that the sequence from Beaker Man to Ford's Dagenham is not just Sir John Clapham's interesting museum catalogue. And it might lead him to speculate whether Mr. Lipson, like so many academic English economic historians, has said all that needs to be said on the origins of capitalism when he explains and justifies its birth by reference to the requirements of "an expanding market and a corresponding . . . intricate organisation." I hope his conclusion, like mine, would be that this is sheer mystification.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,035

Set by Norman MacKenzie

In his Writer's Notebook, page 267, Somerset Maugham tells the following story and confesses that he was unable to find a satisfying end to it. Two men work on a remote tea plantation. When, at long intervals, the mail arrives, "A" always receives a bundle of letters, but "B" never gets one. Envious of "A," "B" offers him five pounds for a letter from the next delivery and, when this arrives, is allowed to pick one of them in exchange for a five pound note. "A" then wants to know what the letter was about; "B" won't tell him: "A" is eventually driven to offering "B" his fiver back, but "B" refuses, insisting he bought the letter outright. The usual prizes are offered for possible endings to this story, in not more than 200 words. Entries by December 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,032

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for extracts of not more than 150 words from THE NEW STATESMAN of 25 years hence.

Report by J. B. Roderic

The hero of this competition is unquestionably Mr. Bernard Shaw. Almost every second entry referred to him—his latest plays (*Atomic Antics, Elixir, Uncle Sam's Other Island*); his monumental *From Shaw to Shaw: An Exploration in Genius;* his O.M.; his visit to Russia to receive the freedom of Moscow at the hands of the Czar. Competitions are set for sonnets and odes on his 118th birthday (prizes in Roubles (E)); he himself sets a competition in Pidgin English (with a sidecrack at the conservative tastes of "my old friend, Lord Martin of Holborn"). Other 1974 events were the inauguration of the 5-year-old Boy-Commissar at Llhasa (reported in *A Tibetan Diary*), the removal of the Pope to the U.S. and of St. Peter's, stone by stone, to Hot Springs (strong letter of protest from Lord Mortimer), the reappearance of *Horizon* (incorporating *Punch*—5 dollars monthly), and the assurance of Lord Bevan of Harley Street that "every neurosis will be dealt with on its own merits, irrespective of age-group or income-bracket." One neat but horrible idea exploited by three competitors was to make the extract from THE NEW STATESMAN of 25 years hence take the form of an extract from THE NEW STATESMAN "Twenty-Five Years Ago," and *that* extract was from a competition asking for an extract from THE NEW STATESMAN 25 years hence . . . and so on and so on, as in a hall of mirrors. Unfortunately, none of the Shaw entries was good enough as a whole for a prize. A guinea each to Stanley J. Sharpless, T. T. Ormandy, W. H. G. Price, J. P. Stevenson and Anarchisis; half a guinea to Guy Innes, and Andrew Boyd. Honourable mention, R. J. P. Hewison, J. R. Till.

COLD WAR IN THE COSMOS

Last Sunday's news of an atomic explosion on the moon does no more than confirm that yet another Satellite has fallen into the Russian orbit. Grave though the situation is, it does not excuse Randolph Churchill's chauvinistic call for an immediate supersonic expeditionary force by the freedom-loving planets. Here speaks a chip of the old bloc. Astro-strategists allege that Mars already exhibits signs of Red influence, especially in the strategically important Canal Zones. But, as Mr. Attlee said at the dinner last week to celebrate his 91st birthday and 29th year of continuous office, civilization as we know it could not survive a Fifth Atom War. To add a cosmic dimension to such a conflict might well prove the end of the solar system. Realistic elements on both sides must be encouraged to reach some working arrangement; the first thing to aim at, surely is an agreement to differ. . . .

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The election of yet another Russian Cardinal to the venerable College indicates rather more than is commonly imagined. It is not altogether fantastic to see here the beginning of a new turn of policy in the recently renamed Hierarchical Communistic Confederation of All the Russias. The astounding success (from a Materialist viewpoint) of the recent Five-Year "Procomfort" Plan, which, it is rumoured, has now provided the least citizen with a second-hand Straight 8 "Lightning" car (a Russian version of the 1940 American Pontiac) has given a sharp impetus to the acquisitive tendencies of the lower income groups (having once tasted the corruptive power of material possessions) and the Hereditary Hierarchy, together with the newly formed Committee of Communistic Capitalists, probably feels that by infiltrating the Vatican and at last perhaps managing the election of a Kremlin nominee to the Holy See itself, they can bring the whole of their peoples under the social discipline of the Roman Church.

ANARCHISIS

PACEM APPELLANT

The Minister of Education has appointed Sir Reuben Cutts, a Second Secretary at the Treasury, to be Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University under the Higher Education Control Act 1974.—*The Times*

It's true that what I don't know isn't knowledge,
But what I do know, someone supervises,
For I'm no longer Master in my College—
Leviathan is splashing in the Isis.
Three Persons and One God, at Trinity,
Look sadly down at education's fools,
Old men afraid of thought, young men of vision—
Leviathan is smiling in the Schools.
And grinning from the Ministry of Justice
At Coke's unquiet, unavailing ghost,
While someone's fined a fiver at Llanbister
For smuggling rabbits past the frontier post.
Prince, you must have your bicycle inspected,
And the Queen's taxi must be kept an eye on
(By way of check, not escort) when she opens
Parliament. This is the Welfare Zion.

SAGITTARIUS III
J. P. STEVENSON

PARLIAMENT: Sweet but Salty

The Minister of Health dealt with what at first sight appeared a transparent issue: the new 1974 Free Utility Female Beach-Wear and Supplementary Seaside Sweet Ration.

A member alleged that one National Holiday Camp insisted on girls wearing these "half-ounce, half-baked, expendable expandables of pale-pink, double-twisted sugar-floss," the Camp Commander saying: "It's either these or nothing, ducks." The Minister: "Nothing would please me more——" (laughter) "——than to look into this particular camp next summer." (Clapping). A Communist member: "Why not deeper red with less double-twisting?" An earnest lady member: "Will the Minister, personally, promise to remove all these shocking sugary things entirely?" Minister: "That is more than I can undertake." (Laughter, then clapping). Another lady member: "I wore 'em at Blackpool last year. I like 'em. Them as don't like 'em can spend their holidays coal-mining."

T. T. ORMANDY

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 10 (Post-atomic)

Set by X Y Z

Free copies of the next annual issue are offered for poems on any of the following once common experiences, which will, alas, never again be enjoyed by any of our readers: window-shopping, sleeping on an interior sprung mattress, hearing a symphony concert, travelling by train, shaving, drinking tea, having a baby.

Report by X Y Z

Entries written on the underside of bark continue to be the most legible; and obviously some copies of last year's issue reached places fifty miles distant from this cellar before the disintegration of the wretched, makeshift "paper" on which they were printed. Entries reveal that the small personal deprivations overshadow the larger tragedy of race-extinction—more than half lamented the lost pleasures of the comfortable bed and the comforting cup; only one referred to the universal radiation-sterility. Music was missed by many, travelling by few, shaving by nobody. Prizes go to Hairless and Cro-magnon . . . .

W. H. G. PRICE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Now that all books except those approved by Minister of Literature Rojov Viktor Machelov are liquidated, the reviewer marches quickly to the boundary of his field.

Only one volume is available this week: *Western Sayings Sovietised*, by Guido Nitchevo (Amish Amiltov, 25 roubles). True Stalinists will know how to appreciate its Bolshevik wit, which leaves indelible Marx on every page. A few extracts must suffice.

"It's a long lane that has no turning" is rendered as "The crooked verst is the shortest road to the collective farm." "It never rains but it pours" becomes "It's a wise warmonger who keeps his powder dry." The truth of the prophecy (by the Russian soothsayer Izvestiahia) "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation" is perceived in the explanation that when the classless atom bomb has done its work, no nation shall lift the sword, because none will be left to lift it.

GUY INNES

MISCELLANEOUS

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In two darning needles lay...*words*

TELEGRAPHIC communication became possible in 1837, but at first messages could be sent only by Morse code. A Welshman, David Edward Hughes, a Professor of Music living in the United States, sought to invent an electrical apparatus that would transmit typed messages. One evening in 1855 he borrowed two darning needles from an old lady and began to use them as vibrators . . . Thus was born the telegraphic type-printer — the forerunner of the modern teleprinter.

The inventive spirit of Hughes is still alive in Britain today. The electricity industry, for instance, is continually developing new appliances which increase the output of our factories and farms and make life easier in the home. On the electricity supply side, too, marvels are being done to overcome the post-war power shortage. Already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours. Soon the nation will be able to enjoy even greater benefits from the new electrical age.

The Electrical Development Association explores and advises on methods by which work on farms can be made easier by the application of electricity. Consult your Electricity Service Centre, write to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.